THE BEE
WASHINGTON

Congressional Library

VOL. XXXI NO 34 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY JANUARY 21, 1911

Open Letter

To the President of the United States:

Sir: I want to call your attention to the growing discrimination in the several executive departments of the Government. It seems, Mr. President, that the subordinate chiefs have had an understanding which gives them permission to do as they please toward the colored employees. Conditions are worse today than they have been for a number of years. You have been badly advised, Mr. President. Your Postmaster General, Frank Hitchcock, has made you more enemies among all classes of Americans than any other member of your Cabinet. So far as colored Americans are concerned, they don't like him at all. They have never seen anything in him. You would imagine that he was President instead of yourself. Mr. President, I understand that he is not to have charge of your next campaign. If he does, the few colored men who have remained in the party will bid farewell to you. You have to be careful, Mr. President, and select men who are not afraid to talk and express their own opinions. I have been informed that you have been misunderstood. I am glad to know that you will have a change of heart, and the colored Americans have misunderstood you. I can tell better, Mr. President, when you take a hand in our local government and make a few changes. We have three Commissoners, one Republican, one doubtful and the other very doubtful. None of them have decided to appoint a representative colored man to a place as yet. I was informed by one of your Commissioners, Mr. President, who is the only simon pure Republican on the board, that a colored man held a representative place. I have not been able to find him. If he does he was appointed by a former Commissioner, Mr. MacFarland. Do you know, Mr. President, that not a colored man has been appointed on the police force since the retirement of Mr. West? My friend, Mr. West, would read the riot act to his chief of police and give him to understand that colored men had to be appointed on the force. Since his retirement our chief appoints if he pleases, and if he doesn't want to appoint he doesn't appoint, although the police department is under General Johnston. However, I don't believe that one has been appointed since a change in the Commissionership. My friend Pratt, Mr. President, private secretary to Commissioner Johnson, would make a good chief of police. He is a practical young man and a wide awake individual. Why not, Mr. Johnson, transfer him to the police department? There are times when men grow too old in a place. Perhaps, if a few more changes were made in our local government, Mr. President, a few colored citizens would be appointed. There must be a change in your policies, Mr. President. The understrapper in your administration must be given to understand that all citizens must be treated alike. I understand that in the Census Office, Treasury Department, Interior Department and one other department under the general government, colored men have been given to understand that they cannot be promoted, on account of their color. All of this color business, Mr. President, sprung up under your administration, and very soon after you delivered your inaugural address. If a colored man is employed at all in the departments, he is given a menial place. If he is certified from the Civil Service to some department, after having passed the examination, a subterfuge is given him. Why can't you call the attention of the Civil Service Commission to this discrimination, Mr. President, and recommend to Congress the passage of a law making it a felony for any department to object to the appointment of a person after he has been certified by the Civil Service Commission? Believe me, Mr. President, when I tell you that there is political danger ahead, and unless there is an immediate remedy, something will be doing in 1912. Yours truly,

The Editor.

HE REMEMBERS ALL BUT THE HAT.

Negro Democracy Looking for Plums.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1910.
Editor of the Washington Bee.

Please allow me a short space in your paper, which I consider to be the leading Negro journal of the country, in order that I may, in my humble way, express my views in regard to the Negro in politics. Twenty years ago I had the honor of meeting you at one of the greatest Negro Democratic conventions ever held in this country, in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., where all the leading Negro Democrats from all over the country had assembled to discuss the great Negro problem. You well remember that at this meeting there were Peter H. Clarke, of Ohio; J. Milton Turner, of Missouri; C. H. J. Taylor, of Kansas; Thomas T. Fortune, of New York; W. T. Scott, of Illinois, and a hundred other Negro Democrats, too numerous to mention. It was at this memorable convention that your humble servant had the distinguished honor and pleasure of sitting down to the table at the Hotel English with the editor of the Washington Bee, whom I had heard and read a great deal of, but had never had the pleasure of meeting. I shall never forget the informal introduction on this occasion, and also of the lengthy discussion we had as to the coming National campaign between the Hon. Benj. Harrison, of Indiana, and the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York, when you waged me a new hat that Mr. Harrison would be elected, and the results of that election speaks for itself. Little did I think, at that time, that I would ever have the pleasure of meeting you in the city of Washington, but 18 years today, on my arrival in Washington, having been appointed to a position in the War Department, and looking over my letter book, I came across a card with the following inscription: "W. Calvin Chase. Editor of Washington Bee, and Attorney-at-Law, 1109 I Street Northwest," and looking on the back of this card I found the bet that we had wagered in Indianapolis, and the size of the hat that you wore. After going to the place where I had secured board and lodging, I started out to find 1109 I street northwest, and I shall never forget when I rang the bell at your office on that Sunday afternoon, and when you came to the door and I handed you my card, stating that possibly you had forgotten me, and when you made the following reply: "Oh, no, I know you. You are Mr. Chas. C. Curtis, of Iowa. **Where is that hat?"** And from that day until the present time I have always found you a true and personal friend. There have been times that we have differed politically, but at no time have we ever been enemies. I want to congratulate you and your paper as being one of the greatest Negro journals published today, not only in Washington, but of the entire country. I have been a reader of The Washington Bee for over twenty years, and I have always admired the courageous efforts you have made in the defense of the American Negro.

I have seen a great many Negro papers inaugurated in Washington, but they, like mushrooms, have come up and faded away. I want to say that I believe that I voice the sentiment of the thinking class of colored citizens of Washington, that if the Negroes would give their moral and financial support to The Washington Bee that it would be instrumental in protecting the Negro in all of his political and civil rights, not only in Washington, but the entire country. I want to congratulate you on your editorial on the Passing Show, where you say that it means a passing out of the Negro Republicans from various departments. I heartily concur with you when you say that the Negro Democrats ought to be given places held by so-called Negro Republicans, some of whom have never voted a Republican or Democratic ticket in their life. Then there are men on the pay rolls who have a vote, but who never go home to exercise the elective franchise, and the result of the recent campaign shows in several States and Congressional districts that their vote would have been instrumental in saving many a Republican Congressman from defeat. I believe that every man in the Government employ, whether protected by Civil Service or not, should exercise the elective franchise, and should aid the party to which they owe their appointment, either by going home to vote or giving their moral and financial support. There has been a great many organizations formed during and since the campaign. It is a well known fact that I represent the National Colored Personal Liberty League, which is supposed to be a non-partisan organization, and the record will show that we have supported both Democrats and Republicans when personal liberty was an issue. I want to pay a tribute to that old veteran and uncompromising Negro Democrat—L. C. Moore—who has made one of the greatest sacrifices of any Negro in the United States for the cause of Democracy. Mr. Moore is a Democrat three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and his loyalty and fidelity to the party speaks for itself. He is not a Negro Democrat for revenue only, but he has the courage of his convictions, and he and others who are associated with him will be important factors in 1912.

Thanking you for consuming so much of your valuable paper.

Respectfully yours,
CHARLES C. CURTIS.
National Organizer, National Colored Personal Liberty League.

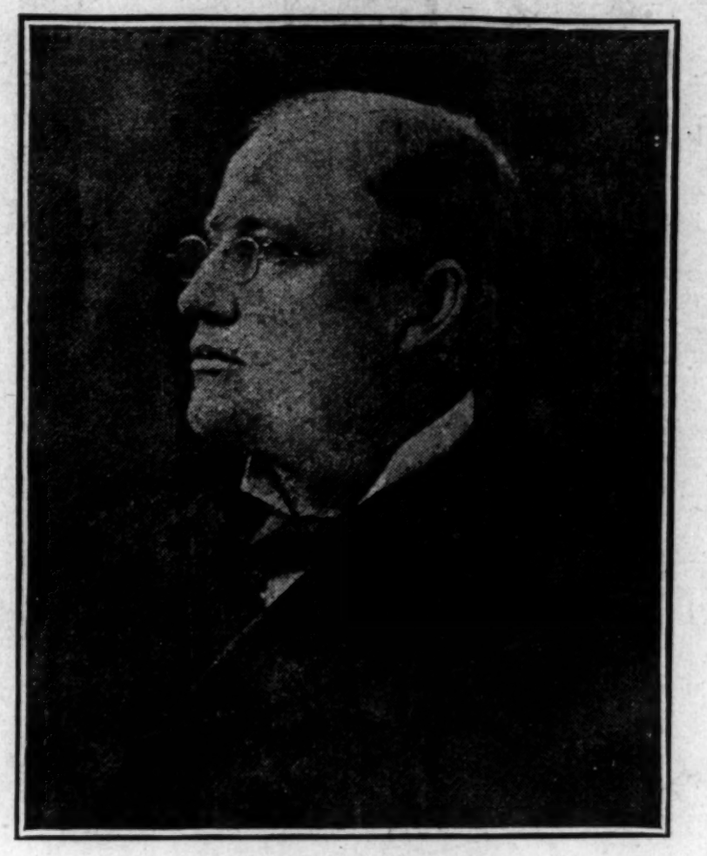
COMPLIMENTS THE BEE.

What the Catholic Church Thinks of It.

Editor Bee.

A few days ago, by chance, I had the pleasure of reading an editorial comment in your paper of date November 4, in which you mention the fairness with which the colored man is treated by the Roman Catholic Church, as was shown in the recent Holy Name parade held in this city when the white and colored men marched side by side. This is as it should be, and ever since I read your comment, I felt it my duty as a member of the Catholic Church to commend your sentiment. Many others with whom I have discussed your editorial have given it their approval. Let the colored Christians and white Christians of all denominations pull together. Among my many friends are colored Catholics, good citizens, honest, trustworthy and manly, and indeed the recognition given them on the occasion of the parade in which your editorial refers only speaks of the broadness of the Catholic Church in bringing into its fold all colors and races of mankind on an equal footing, so that it can truly be said of her, "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd, with the high ideal of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." WM. A. HICKEY.

Seventy-two oil paintings and water colors, Dr. Leslie D. Ward's collection, were sold in New York City for $153,285.



HONORABLE WALTER I. SMITH

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I dropped in the office of The Bee Tuesday, as has been my custom, to look over the exchanges and see what the colored press is doing and saying. I noticed in two or three a Washington letter from which I quote the following: "Henry Lincoln Johnson is now often seen wending his way in and out of the big Government departments, where he confers with men of national prominence, and where often he goes to intercede in behalf of some colored brother. Mr. Johnson's interview at the White House is an indication that the President desires to confer." When I came to this I turned to Chase and laughingly remarked: "Say, Calvin, here's one of those old 'bids for favor,' as Senator Bruce use to call them."

"Yes," Chase replied, "that's been handed every new Negro who came to Washington to hold office."

I recall one time when I fixed up about the same dope for the newspaper for which I used to correspond, making Bruce the principal dramatis personae. I took it around and showed it to him. He had but recently been made Register of the Treasury. Now Senator Bruce was one of the most divining and far-seeing of men—sometimes I think he was the most astute and fertile politician the race ever produced. He did not know that I wrote it—I had not led up to it, though I expected to, as I really meant to work him for his influence to get me a promotion. Imagine the shower bath he gave me, when finishing reading it; he turned to me and remarked, in that smooth, persuasive style of his, and with a merry twinkle in his eye: "My dear boy, that's a bid for favor. The fellow who wrote that wants something. I'll wager he will be in to see me mighty soon, too."

* * *

Referring to "leaders," I want to rise to remark that when a man, white or colored, accepts an appointive office, his ability to lead is dissipated. I get awfully sick and tired of this prating about "leader" by a few dopesters. If Booker Washington, with all his prestige and influence and following, should accept an appointive office today, he would, perforce, lay down the scepter of leadership. Leaders have a following; appointees have sycophants. Leaders go out on the battlefield and lead; appointees never give an utterance until the cockoo makes a noise. Leaders are never afraid of a storm, they sail their ship in all weathers. An appointee sets his sail to catch every passing breeze. You never hear of a real leader trimming his sail because some one speaks. A leader can accept an office to which he has been elected by the people without destroying his leadership—such an election really makes him more of a leader. But when a leader accepts an appointive office he destroys his leadership, because he has to obey the orders of a man higher up then he, and must conform to the policies of the administration under which he serves. He can't be loyal to his administration and still be the leader he was before. I wish some of these dopesters would give us a rest on this "leader" business. Rev. Corrothers and Rev. Waldron, without a vote, and without a voting constituency, are more of leaders than any one or all of the men holding appointive offices in Washington. Just ring the changes on this "leader" business, and remember that leaders are commanding officers, not subalterns, and that a leader never has to set his sail to catch a passing breeze, nor trim it to save his ship from a blowing wind.

* * *

Such dope as the above is what Carlisle philosophically styled "bartering away flattery for tangible substance," but what Lew Dockstader, our modern, corked-faced philosopher, calls "handing out the con to get an airship." The big office holders may make a few trips, when they are right fresh on the job, to the departments, but I never knew any of them to get lung fever in their feet because of too many such trips. From what I know of Mr. Johnson, I am positive he does not relish this dope, and it's an injustice to any man to write that the President is sending for him to confer with. It looks like he is tooting his own horn, and Link Johnson ain't that sort of a fellow.

* * *

Here's another one: The prolific correspondent to The Freeman sent the following to his newspaper: "The crying need in Washington, according to the advices that have come to us, is the presence of a leader who is unselfish, and is willing to take a sympathetic interest in the common people." Now the common people in this instance is no doubt the aforesaid correspondent, and the "advices" that have come to him have come from himself. What he wants is a "leader" who will derrick him out of that messenger job and make him a Presidential appointee, or something better. He's tried to work them all, but I fear Brother Thompson has pied his form. He played fast and loose with the soon retiring Register, and now he is in the box trying to pitch to the incoming Register. I believe it was Ben Johnson who once said: "When a man would tickle your vanity with laudation, take a fresh and tighter grip on your purse."

* * *

Davis and Barnes' cigar store and news-stand on U street, is getting to be quite a rondezvous for the "brother" who congregates there in the evening for their after-dinner smoke and discuss race and social problems, and talk about those who happen not to be in at the time. I was in there one evening this week, and they got to discussing a certain individual whom they styled a "four-flusher," whatever that is. And me-o-my, how they did roast him. Just in the midst of their roasting him the aforesaid "four-flusher" opened the door and walked in. Quick as a cat can jump, they ceased talking about him, stopped roasting him, and such a welcome they gave him, and such felicitous remarks they showered upon him, and such encomiums they bestowed upon him I have not heard since the last meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society. It struck me as so absurd, so inconsistent, and so false, and as I walked out, drawing heavily on my Henry George, I said to myself, sub-rosa, "Alas and alack, has all semblance to genuineness flown?"

* * *

Speaking about "four-flushers," now there's Jim Cobb, he is just the opposite. I don't see as much of Cobb as I used to before prosperity became his daily companion. We all remember Cobb when he was a fortune-hunter, and a fellow who, like Micawber, was always waiting for something to turn up. He was "Jimmie-few-clothes" then. While he waited for something to turn up the Capitol Savings bank (peace to its ashes) went up. Cobb got busy. He began suing everybody who ever entered the building, and in this way earned fees that put him on his feet. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good" was never truer than in this case. What was others' loss was his gain. Now Cobb is Special Assistant District Attorney with a $2,000 stipend attached, and has a law practice on the outside which meets all his expenses, making the $2,000 per satin velvet. One thing he lacks is one of Adam's ribs. If he could get a nice, highly polished rib he'd be in clover. One thing is certain, however, Jim Cobb has demonstrated what a poverty-stricken Louisiana-born derelict can do when it hits the trail right. Today he is about the best fixed young man in the District whose complexion is about seventy-five degrees removed from white. Ten years ago cheese and crackers would have made a banquet for him, now he dotes on terrapin. Ten years ago a "Ain't-I-a-beaut-take-me-home-for-four-ninety-five" suit of clothes would have been considered by him as prime for a party suit. Today he changes his clothes twice a day. Ten years ago had he changed once a day he would have had to appear in a garment of filmy shadows. Some say he is a little bit big feeling now. Well, a fellow who comes all the way from the rice swamp of Louisiana to a palace without shedding a tooth and without influence has a right to be—like popped corn—all puffed up. I take my hat off to Jim, and wish we had "smothers" like him who can hurdle the "obstacle fence." Come on, Jim, the road's clear. You can speed beyond the limit now, for nothing succeeds like success. And they say Jim Cobb has about four or five houses that bring him in a nice rental. Something more to feel puffed up over.

* * *

It's rumored that the Odd Fellows Journal is to be moved from Philadelphia to Washington. I can hardly credit the rumor, for the reason that such a move would make it too plain that the great United Order of Odd Fellows was to be run for the benefit of a few. I guess it is just one of those wild, woolley rumors that blow from nowhere to somewhere without a real sponsor. I met Slaughter this week, but he never hinted to me that such a move was on. I guess it's punk.

A letter came Tuesday to me, addressed "Sage of the Potomac, care of The Bee," which suggested several persons whom I should write up in this column. Now to the writer of that letter let me say, don't get nervous and over-anxious. I "have a little list," and I will reach the parties suggested in time. If you amount to anything you will get in this column, sooner or later. If you don't amount to anything, you are like the mosquito at the bottom of the well—"out of sight" of the Sage. And I never could see anything that was very small. My eyesight, usually keen, is a bit disturbed with an avalanche of years, making it impossible for me to see simply the outlines of a small object.

* * *

I notice in some of the newspapers that are published exclusively for the migratory sons of Ham that a conference is to be held by a lot of the colored Federal appointees. Now I don't believe any such conference is scheduled. Nothing could be more inappropriate and suggestive of a lost cause than a conference of "the interests." The correspondent who made a sight draft on his limited gray matter to this extent evidently got on an Anacostia car by mistake and was pretty near St. Elizabeth's before he discovered he was riding south instead of north in the direction of U street. The white folks haven't called a meeting yet, and you know they are not going to permit of the "aftermaths" breaking in on the first page first with the announcement that they have met and the country is safe. The national election is eighteen months off, and when it does roll around it's my Dunlap against a Sweet Caporal that all these "leaders" will wish it was still eighteen months more removed. There's lots of sewing to be done before it will be necessary to get out the reapers and binders. Who said conference? Scat!!

Representative W. I. Smith.

President Taft appointed Representative Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, United States Judge for the Eighth Circuit, to succeed Judge Vandeventer, who was recently promoted to the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

The executive has been considering the nomination of a new judge in the Eighth District for more than three weeks, and about a score of names of aspirants for the post were laid before him by members of Congress and prominent politicians. In the list of candidates the most prominent were Representative Smith and Representative George W. Norris, the insurgent leader from Nebraska.

Both men have had experience on the bench in their respective States, and the matter resolved itself into a race between the two Representatives, one a stand-patter and the other a progressive.

Served Three Terms on Bench.

Judge Smith was born at Council Bluffs, July 10, 1862. He received a common school education and studied law in the office of Col. D. B. Daily. He was admitted to the bar in December, 1882, and was elected judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Iowa in 1899, and re-elected in 1894 and 1898. He was elected to Congress in November, 1900. He has been in the House of Representatives continuously since that time, and was re-elected last November.

True Reformers Coming to the Rescue.

Mr. W. R. Griffin, the District Chief of the True Reformers, who made a very successful trip through Maryland and Pennsylvania last week in the interest of the order, will leave the city today to speak in the following cities: Baltimore, Md., Wilmington, Del., Thenton, N. J., and Philadelphia, Pa.

The members in every city express themselves not in words alone, but by their money, that they have helped to build the order, and they will help to save it, and protect the aged men and women and pay every widow and orphan dollar for dollar.

The Union installation last Friday night was one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in this city.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Mr. Charles Ward Chappelle is the only colored aviator to participate in the first Industrial Aero Show, which was held from December 31 to January 7. He has invented an aeroplane which has attracted much attention because of its unusual features.

Mr. Edward Raymond Turner, Ph. D., associate in history at Bryn Mawr College, won the Justin Winsor prize for his book, entitled "The Negro in Pennsylvania — Slavery, Servitude, Freedom." The prize is given every two years in recogniton of the most valuable and original work done in American history whose reputation is not yet established.

It is said separate saloons are now being championed in Baltimore by State's Attorney A. S. J. Owens. The segregation idea is rapidly growing.

The colored people of Chicago have been offered $25,000 by an Anglo-Saxon and $25,000 by a Jew for a Y. M. C. A. building, providing they raise a similar amount, $50,000, among themselves.

According to Rev. R. W. Andrews, a missionary in Tokio, who has returned to this country after a twelve-year stay in Japan, there are more scholars than the limited number of teachers are able to manage. Knowledge is on the increase.

Last Tuesday, the 17th, was the birthday of a philanthropist, printer and patriot whose name all Americans will ever hold dear to them, "Benjamin Franklin."

It has been proposed that all of the old library space in the center of the Capitol be devoted to the use of the court, where more commodious chambers for the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States can be had.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the well known temperance advocate and saloon smasher, is suffering a nervous collapse. Her condition is such that it is feared her usefulness as an enemy of intoxicants is ended.

Spontaneous combustion is believed to have started the fire in the United States Pension Office, which resulted in $6,000 damage.

George Lewis Grant, the colored personal body guard of Gen. U. S. Grant during the civil war, having made twenty-four trips abroad, and although he could neither read nor write English, he could speak French and German fluently, died in Boston, Mass., at the age of seventy-five years.

Over $10,000 was raised for the benefit of survivors of the twenty-three firemen killed in the Chicago stock yards. This makes the total fund nearly $160,000.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is getting up a testimonial for Editor T. Thomas Fortune. A large sum is expected. Dr. Washington hopes the plan will meet with hearty co-operation.

Rev. W. H. Brooks, who has been for fourteen years pastor of St. Mark M. E. Church, New York, will tender his resignation to take effect about April. It is said it was a shock not only to his church, but all the church-going people of New York City.

Color prejudice has at last reached Buffalo, N. Y. G. H. Thompson, colored, who sued the Academy Theater for $500 damages, being refused admission to the lower floor, lost his suit. The Supreme Court there sustained the action of the theater.

Dr. White, superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, seems to have an elephant on his hands trying to satisfy the George Washington University students also the Howard University students at the same time. Watch for the outcome.

The will of Mrs. Emilie H. Moir, who died the 23d of December, leaves a large part of her estate, worth more than $1,000,000, to educational, religious and charitable organizations. Tuskegee Institute and Howard University will share about $40,000 each.

It is said Absolom Jones was the first colored man ordained in the Episcopal Church. The one hundred and sixty-fourth anniversary of his birth was celebrated recently.

A marble bust of Thomas Moore is to be placed in the Corcoran Art Gallery May 28 next, the 123d anniversary of his birth.

John Quincy Adams, a descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, died at his home in New York at the age of sixty-three years. It is said he was one of the founders of the American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial.

Secretary MacVeagh favors the abolishment of the auditors for the different Government departments and concentrating the work under one head, thus saving about $30,000. About thirty positions will be abolished if the change is made.

It is said New York has consumed 8,500,000 barrels of beer during the year 1910, and about 60,000,000 has been consumed throughout the United States during 1910.

Gen. Stonewall Jackson's birthday was celebrated January 21st by the Southern societies in this city, at which time tributes were paid to the memory of Robert E. Lee.

Capt. Peary, in his testimony before the Congressional committee, said: "The reason he took Henson with him was that he was the more effective for the extended work necessary than any white man I ever saw."

A piece of Confederate flag four by two feet, which was displayed from the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va., and a piece of oil cloth and rope, was sold for $51.00.

Read The Bee.

FASCINATING GAVOTTE.

(Elfen Gavotte)

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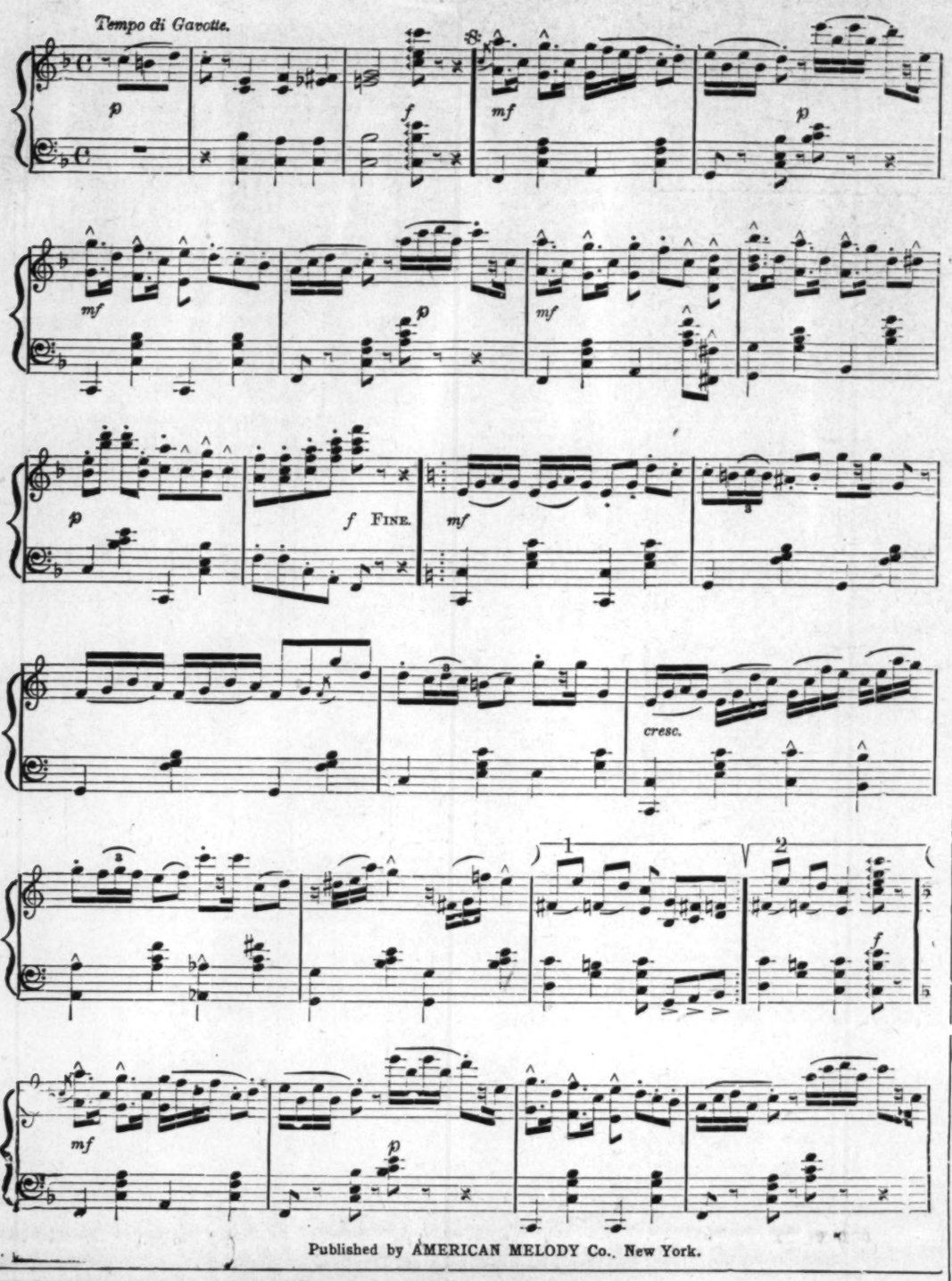
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What an Earthquake Is.

"An earthquake," writes Frank A. Perret, formerly honorary assistant at the Royal Vesuvian observatory, in Century, "is an undulating vibration of the ground resulting from some sudden movement of the underlying strata. This may be produced by a volcanic explosion, the breaking of a stratum of rock under strain or the sudden intrusion of lava between the strata or into a fracture, the types respectively known as volcanic, tectonic and intervolcanic. My own impression in experiencing these shocks was that of a rubbing together of masses under pressure, which throws the adjoining material into vibration. If you put a little water into a thin, wide mouthed crystal goblet, wet the finger tip and rub it around the rim, a sound will be produced and the water will be set in vibration like the ground waves of an earthquake."

When Harvard Was Young.

Harvard, the first college, founded in 1636, continued for more than fifty years to be the only college. It was established by vote of the general court of Massachusetts Bay, which agreed to give £400 toward its endowment. Two years later this endowment was more than doubled by the bequest of John Harvard, who left half of his property and his entire library of 300 volumes to the college. The conditions of admission were few. To matriculate it was necessary to know "so much Latin as was sufficient to understand Tully or any classical author and to meter and speak true Latin in prose and verse." The student was required "to be able to decline the paradigms of Greek nouns and verbs." Each class was also required to study theology in a form probably not unlike that of the Westminster catechism.—Scrap Book.

Why Do Seals Swallow Stones?

No nature student seems yet to have discovered for what reason seals swallow stones, though the fact is a well established one. Certainly the stones are not taken in for ballast, for the empty seals keep down as easily as the others. They are not swallowed for the purpose of grinding up food, for they are found in the stomachs of nursing pups. They are not taken in with the food because they are found in the stomachs of both young seals and in those that live in the open sea and feed on squid. Yet it is evident that these things are not swallowed haphazard, but are selected with considerable care from the articles strewn along the shore, and that a preference is exhibited for rounded objects. This is shown by the fact that, as a rule, only articles of one kind are found in any one seal's stomach.

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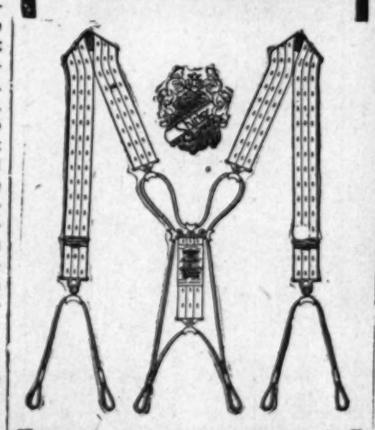

The kind that most men wear. Notice the cord back and the front ends. They slide in frictionless tubes and move as you move. You will quickly see why Shirley President Suspenders are comfortable and economical for the working man or business man.

Light, Medium or Extra Heavy Weights—Extra Lengths for Tall Men.

Price 50 Cents from your local dealer or by mail from the factory.

Signed Guarantee on every pair

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

333 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

One of the largest payrolls ever signed in the Pittsburg district was signed December 24, and $7,000,000 was distributed to men who work in the industrial plants.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, *freight prepaid*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $20 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and remarkable *special offer* to first rider in your town.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and *know for sure* we can make you the price. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other house. We are satisfied with $2.00 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Our large catalogue and our liberal offer to you will surprise you.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY **$4.80**

The regular retail prices of these tires is $9.50 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for $4.80 or with order $4.50.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $9.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day latter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump. Tires to be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

According to consular reports, in a few years Germany in all likelihood will consume nothing but imported meats. There is an immense decrease noted in the number of animals for slaughter, according to last count, made October 10, 1910.

Jack Johnson sent Christmas greeting telegrams to James J. Jeffries and Tommy Burns, both of whom he came out victorious when in battle.

A series of inoculation experiments which may mark an epoch in the history of abdominal surgery, will shortly be made the basis of a new preventive treatment for peritonitis at one of the great London hospitals.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila, celebrated his seventy-third birthday anniversary last Monday. Many prominent diplomats and army and navy officials called on the admiral to congratulate him.

John Gray, the inventor, a prominent member of the British Association, has just concluded a long series of experiments in what he calls new phrenology. It is done by having colored light flashes thrown into the eye.

The Wright Company will settle an annuity of approximately $1,000 upon the widow and children of Ralph Johnstone, the aviator killed in a Wright biplane at Denver, Colo.

John D. Rockefeller sent all the school teachers at the Pocantico Hills and Sleepy Hollow schools a $10 gold piece.

Miss Helen M. Gould gave a turkey and cranberries to every employe on her estate. She also gave $5 and $10 gold pieces to the telephone girls at Tarrytown and Irvington exchanges, and to the express and freight agents.

The Christmas gift of 537 acres of land at Mount Braddock, near Uniontown, Pa., to be used as a site for charitable and correctional institutions, has been announced. The tract is valued at $100,000.

A Turk always stands in the presence of his mother until invited to sit down, a compliment he pays to no one else.

The oldest royal house in Europe is that of Mecklenburg. It traces its descent from Genseric, who sacked Rome in A. D. 455.

Every pleasure is acquired at the cost of suffering. The price of real pleasure is paid in advance; for wrong pleasure one pays after.—John Foster.

Longchump—Did she give any reason for refusing you? Hardit—Reason? No; that's the woman of it. Simply said she did not love me.

Mrs. Cannibal—You haven't a single redeeming trait. Cannibal—Oh, there's some good in me. I have just eaten a missionary.—New York Press.

Mr. S.—Do you and I agree on anything? Mrs. S.—Yes; each of us believes that one of us is poorly mated.—Illustrated Bits.

"Why do they always make pictures of Cupid without any clothes?"

"So he won't ever be out of style."—Cleveland Leader.

"Demosthenes talked with pebbles in his mouth, my son."

"He must have made a rocky speech, pa."—New York Press.

She—How conceitedly that man talks! Is he an actor?

He—Worse than that! He's an amateur actor.—Life.

"They say he has a coarse streak in him."

"I should say that he had a refined streak in him."—Puck.

"Do you keep a second girl?"

"No; my wife isn't strong enough to wait on more than one."—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Knicker—What did you do when she stole your cook?

Mrs. Subbubs—Stole her dressmaker.—New York Sun.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat."

"All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Little Girl—What's an intelligence office, mamma? Mother—It's where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York Herald.

"Is this new business you're going into tentative?"

"No, it ain't. It's dry goods."—Baltimore American.

Teacher—Can any one in the class tell me what a lawsuit is?

Small Boy—Yes, ma'am, I can. It's a suit worn by a policeman.—Exchange.

Up to a certain point exposure to radium rays stimulates the germination of seeds, but if that point is passed the growth is stopped.

"Fusil" was the old name for the flintlock to distinguish it from the matchlock, and fusileers were those who carried fusils.

The double entry system of bookkeeping now in common use was first practiced in Italy in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

In Scotland the corn and grass fields are divided into spaces twenty to thirty yards wide by a furrow made by a plow. These are termed rigs.

John Brown was executed at Harpers Ferry on Dec. 2, 1859. It was shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning. Two thousand soldiers were ranged around the scaffold when he was brought from his prison house and placed in a wagon which was to convey him to the scene of execution.

Man In Hard Luck—I am reduced to the painful expedient of asking you to buy the diamonds in my wife's jewelry and to replace them with imitations. Jeweler (examining the jewels)—Your wife evidently has preceded you in evolving that clever plan.—Jewelers' Circular.

There is a seventeen-year-old girl in Atchison who feels so good that she almost screams with joy. In a few years when we meet that girl pushing a baby buggy and looking as cross as it is possible for a married woman to look we are sure we shall laugh.—Atchison Globe.

Bullets of paper or tallow produce far greater damage than metal ones when used for short distance firing. A paper bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed one foot apart buckled them up and made them useless, whereas a metal bullet merely left a small round hole.

The Sword Swallower—I'm in a great quandary. Manager—What's the matter? The Sword Swallower—I asked the two headed girl to marry me, and only one of her accepted! Manager—What's the matter with the other of her? The Sword Swallower—She's afraid of bigamy!

Father—What! Another dressmaker's bill? My dear girl, you should fix your mind on something higher than dress. Daughter—So I have, papa. I've got my mind fixed on a love of a hat in a downtown milliner's window, and, just think, it's only $19.98! You'll get it for me, won't you, papa, dear?

Percy (exhibiting a bromide enlargement of kodak snapshot of himself riding a donkey)—See, Dick, I had this taken when I was away during the holidays. Do you think it does me justice? Dick—Why, yes, rather. But who's the awkward rider on your back?—New York Times.

"Which side is your member of congress on in this attack on corporate wealth?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "I haven't heard him say much one way or another, but I reckon that, as usual, he's on the inside."—Washington Star.

When a man tells his wife of an increase in his wages she doesn't burst out in congratulations. She has an absentminded look in her eyes as if calculating just about how many yards it will take for a dress she had hitherto felt that she couldn't afford.—Atchison Globe.

Citizen—What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? Uncle Rastus—About $2, sah. Citizen—Isn't that very high? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, jes' fo' cahtin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man ter he'ep me hahness de mule.—Harper's Bazar.

The young man leading a dog lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired:

"Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—Universalist Leader.

"Do you think the climate affects a man's energies?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the leisurely person. "When the weather's cloudy you haven't the ambition to work, and then when it's fair it seems a shame to shut yourself up in an office."—Washington Star.

"Yes, the brother and sister both married for titles."

"I don't understand."

"She married to get the title of countess, and he married to get the title for one of the finest pieces of property to be found in the city."—Cleveland Leader.

Eva—Why did you refuse him?

Edna—He was too economical.

Eva—But I thought you said the young man you accepted would have to be economical?

Edna—But he was too much so. He actually proposed on a postcard.—London Express.

"Eggs For Invalids" read the sign at a certain shop.

"What is there unusual about those eggs?" asked a curious observer.

"Why, them eggs is an absolute novelty," said the dealer briskly, adding impressively in awed tones, "them eggs is fresh."—Liverpool Mercury.

The seal of Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of a prominent family in Wales, is a plain, gold mounted corundum stone five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It dates from 1658 and was used on several of Cromwell's deeds. All the Lord's prayer is engraved on it.—London Gentlewoman.

He (wondering if Bertie Williams has been accepted)—Are both your rings heirlooms?

She (concealing her hand)—Oh, dear, yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer (blushing)—only dates from the conquest.—London Mail.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This wed included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the fourth finger of the left.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, I've just had a quarrel with my wife."

"Well, forget and forgive."

"I can never forgive her. You see, I was in the wrong."

"Then in that case demand an apology."

Carlotta Grisi complained to Rossini that Giulia Grisi's success as a singer obliged her to fall back upon the dancer's profession.

"What would you more, my child?" he replied. "Giulia has stolen the nightingale's voice, but she has left you its wings."

"It's awfully late," I remarked to my friend after an extra long whist bout at the club. "What will you say to your wife?"

"Oh, I shan't say much, you know," was the reply; "'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

"Don't you think that fellow who broke his engagement because the girl went to the jeweler to find the price of the ring a bit sensitive?"

"I think he was wise. A woman like that would be wanting her husband to keep an account of his private expenses."—Exchange.

A Sponge Garden.

A beautiful effect may be obtained by means of a damp sponge and a few seeds. Take a large piece of coarse sponge and cut it into any shape desired. Then soak it in water, squeeze half dry and sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, grass, rice, oats—any or all of these. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines at least part of the day.—Country Life In America.

His Prophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history."

His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.—Chicago Tribune.

London, Ex-Watering Place.

Time was when London was a watering place, whose wells, if not rivaling Bath or Harrogate, were widely famed and frequented by people from all quarters. In South London there were quite a number of spas, Lambeth wells, which sold water for a penny a quart and gave it to the poor for nothing, St. George's wells, Sydenham wells and Dulwich wells being the best known.—London Graphic.

Deep Breathing and Character.

We are beginning to learn the value to health and lungs of the habit of "deep breathing." To throw our windows wide open, breathe in fresh air so deeply that not only the lungs, but the whole of the body right down to the hips, is expanded, exercised and bathed with clean air, prevents chest weakness and consumption and helps to cure anaemia and—bad temper.—Exchange.

Trousers' Legs.

A study of the trousers legs as seen in the photographs of our most noted men brings the smile of contempt from even the most disinterested, and one wonders if anything could be uglier than the concertina folds of the clumsy, elephantine outlines that are there to be seen. Breeches, knickers and kilts are all far more artistic and healthy.—Tailor and Cutter.

A Definite Reason.

An English paper tells of a canny Scot whose neighbor met him flitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop the wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street.

"So ye're flittin'?" said the neighbor.

"I am. I want to be near me work."

"And where's yer job?"

"I haven't got one yet."

An Easy Riddance.

Mr. Hardrocks—By George, I was relieved this morning! Mrs. Hardrocks—Why, Silas, how? Did somebody pick your pocket? Mr. Hardrocks—No. Young Perkleigh came in to see me. I thought he was certainly after our daughter, but he merely wanted to borrow $10. He'll never bother us any more. I let him have it.—Cleveland Leader.

His Reason.

"Why do you always ride in the smoking car? You don't smoke."

"I ride in the smoking car," replied the man to whom the question was addressed, "to escape from the effusive gratitude of the young women to whom I always have to give up my seat when I ride in the other cars."

But there was a hard, metallic, ironical sort of ring in his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Himself Away.

"You are married, aren't you?" she asked as they took their seats at the table at the dinner party.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "How did you know?"

"You opened the door for yourself," she answered, "then went through, leaving me to follow, instead of holding it and letting me pass through first."—New York Press.

How It Helped.

"Are you still helping that poor family?"

"I'm trying to help them. I gave the mother some money the other day so that she would feel independent of her drunken husband."

"Well?"

"Well, she had her husband arrested for beating her and then paid his fine with the money I gave her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Von Bulow's Threat.

So far as the audience was concerned, Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

A Living Tomb.

Some of the lamas of Tibet have a custom of allowing themselves to be inclosed in grottoes, so that they would live in darkness for the rest of their lives. Sven Hedin heard of a man who was inclosed at the age of sixteen or seventeen years and lived there sixty-nine years without any communication with the outside world whatever, his food and water being passed underground by a long pole.

Banks of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland would be nothing without that great submarine plateau known as the "banks," on which all the fishing is done. At a small station within the edges of the great bank that the cod loves so well the sea is quite smooth. It is usual for vessels fishing on the bank to inquire from those that have arrived from the open sea as to what sort of weather it is "aboard."

The Five Kakkas.

A set of regulations, intended to distinguish the Sikhs irrevocably from those around them, was the rule of the Five Kakkas. Every Sikh must have with him five things beginning with the letter "k"—viz, kesa (long hair), kangha (a comb), karada (a knife), kirapana (a sword) and kacha (breeches reaching to the knee). The purpose of these rules was that every Sikh should avoid shaving, as do Mohammedans and Hindoos, and should be constantly armed and free from the long garments that might impede him in a fight.

Ambassadorial Humor.

Following the proclamation of the commune in Paris, General Brackenbury attached himself to the government troops at Versailles, where Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, also was. One day Lord Lyons was persuaded to visit Meudon. He was looking from the window of an empty house when a shell fell and burst in the garden below. Then he said quietly: "Perhaps I had better retire. It would be a diplomatic blunder if her majesty's ambassador were to be killed."—Blackwood's Magazine.

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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

Crumpets.

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake brown.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4½ Street, S. W.

Just received a large assign ment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet prep arations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,
316 4½ Street, S. W. .
and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless.

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see:

Clinton J. Calloway, Real Estate

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MR. MORRIS.

Mr. E. H. Morris, the Chicago attorney, delivered an address at the Bethel Literary Society Tuesday evening on the subject of "The Passing Show." The flattering attendance anticipated a learned address, but, instead, they heard a cleverly-constructed bit of sophistry, and a species of sophistry that did no credit to a man of Mr. Morris' ability and legal acumen. Taking Dr. Washington's book and addresses, he culled here and there widely separated sentences and paragraphs and interpreted them to suit his (Morris') own purpose. There was neither rhyme nor reason in the address, though there was cleverness—the cleverness which a consciousless, crafty lawyer practices when he has no evidence upon which to construct an argument. Mr. Morris' life has been selfish in the extreme. Cool, calculating, crafty and deliberate, he nominates in his bonds the pound of flesh, and extracts it with the same cool, calculating, crafty promptings of a consciousless heart.

Mr. Morris builds for self alone, and will tear down any edifice in order to appropriate the material therein to build an edifice for his own exclusive habitation. Mr. Morris is of that type of men who will destroy anything and everything that cannot be made to contribute directly to his coffers. He is perhaps one of the ablest lawyers the race has produced. He is also, perhaps, one of the most unsympathetic men the race has produced. Like a miser, he would jingle his gold in the seclusion of his den, but not a sou would he pass out to appease the hunger of a single human being. Taking the argument that Mr. Morris offered at the Bethel meeting, which was really no argument, but simply cheap sophistry to the man of reason and unprejudiced mind, it offered the best possible and the most conclusive argument in favor of Dr. Washington as a man pre-eminent in beneficence for his race. If Dr. Washington's position as a safe, sane and elevating leader is not shaken until shaken by such specious sophistry as Mr. Morris offered, and if the confidence and faith of the masses in Dr. Washington's honesty, sincerity and helpfulness is not disturbed until it is disturbed by unsubstantiated deductions like Mr. Morris made Tuesday night, then Dr. Washington will continue on until the end of life the recognized safe leader that he is today; and even after the putting off of mortality, his works will continue to lead his people. Mr. Morris only did himself discredit by offering absolutely rotten sophistry where people had a right because of his eminence as a lawyer to expect a strong brief.

A NEW RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.

Mr. Frank Clark, of the Second district of Florida, introduced a bill in Congress a few weeks ago to establish "Jim Crow" cars in the District of Columbia. This bill was referred to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia for a report. It was not long before the bill was returned by this body to the effect that there was no "Jim Crow" sentiment in this city, so far as "Jim Crow" cars and other "Jim Crowism" were concerned. If the Commissioners had been born upon a farm, like the author of the bill, and had not been used to good treatment by the people whom Mr. Clark would "Jim Crow," perhaps some attention would have been paid to his bill. But, as it is, the three Commissioners live in an atmosphere of aristocracy, and they are also aristocratic officials of our Government; they have no fear of being contaminated by association or contact with colored Americans.

There is one thing certain, and it cannot be contradicted, that you can never hear of a Democratic Representative in Congress or a Senator from the South until he introduces a "Jim Crow" car or some other kind of a "Jim Crow" measure Who ever heard of Heflin, of Alabama, until he came in contact with a District Negro or until he introduced a "Jim Crow" car bill in Congress? Who ever heard of Ben. Tillman until he abused the Negro? Who ever heard of Simms, of Tennessee until he attacked the Negro? Now, here comes a new Richmond in the field by the name of Frank Clark, of Gainesville, Fla. He was born at Eufaula, Ala., March 28, 1860, juse before the war, and was educated in the common schools of Alabama and Georgia. His biography states that he was "raised on a farm." He certainly must have come in contact with Negroes, and there is no record that he ever had any of them separated from his surrounding when he had the hoe and shovel in his hands.

The common schools he attended never taught segregation in those days, because Negro and white farm hands worked together. It is claimed that he studied law, and was admitted to the practice of that profession at Fairburn, Ga., Aug. 3, 1881. Just when he studied law, The Bee has failed to discover. In 1884 he moved to Florida and located at Bartow. He served three terms in the Legislature. There is no record that he was heard of outside of his own county while in the Legislature. He is a Baptist; but just what kind of Baptist The Bee would like to know. If his creed taught discrimination, segregation, etc., his creed was one only known to Democrats like himself. He belonged to the Knights of Pythias, and was an Elk. He never followed, nor did he ever become intoxicated with the creed of either organization. Had he, there would have certainly been some kind of religion in his soul. He was elected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, and nothing was ever heard of Mr. Clark until a few days ago, when he thought it was time for him to make himself known in this city, by introducing a "Jim Crow" car bill, which was referred to the District Commissioners.

This has been a busy Congress; great measures have been introduced; great questions have been discussed; attempts have been made to revolutionize the House and decapitate the head of Speaker Cannon; and for little, articles of impeachment might have been threatened against the President.

The Republican party was put out of business Nov. 8; and, just think of it, the name of Mr. Clark has never been seen, heard of or mentioned until he introduced a "Jim Crow" car bill to separate the Negroes from the good white people, many of whom no doubt worked on the same farm, near and with this new Richmond from Florida. Let us reflect.

NO SEPARATE LECTURES.

Dr. William A. White, superintendent of the Government Hospital, has declared that he cannot possibly give two lectures, one for the white students of Georgetown and the George Washington universities, and one for the colored students of Howard University. These white students, it will be recalled, refused to attend a lecture last week, on mental diseases, because the colored students of the medical department of Howard University had been invited and did attend. Georgetown and George Washington are privately endowed institutions. The Government Hospital for the Insane and Howard University are institutions maintained and controlled by the Government, and yet these students of the two former institutions had the audacity to demand that the Government discriminate against itself in favor of outside institutions. Dr. White is entitled to the respect and the thanks of all Negroes for his stand. Especially indebted to him are the Negro students of Howard University, who are hungering and thirsting for knowledge. The fair and just decision of Dr. White, who, in effect, pronounces that science knows no color—that the Government's first duty is to itself—is in striking contrast to President Thirkield's near-paliating interview given out at the time the haughty white students refused to attend the lectures because of the presence of some 40 free-born, upright, knowledge-seeking American citizens whose color was tinctured with a shade a few degrees darker than white. We are charitable enough to believe that possibly President Thirkield was taken so by surprise that he had not time to weigh his words. But Dr. White has spoken as only a true American citizen and a dutiful and conscientious public official could speak. To him the race owes a debt of gratitude.

THE BEE'S POLICY.

The Bee announced last week that its policy might be changed. In that it was meant this paper does not longer intend to make attempts to smooth over, with a thin coat of harmony, conditions which call for fearless, outspoken protests. It meant also that this newspaper proposes to make a determined fight against those within and without the race who, following a selfish plan, are attempting to convert the whole race into an asset for their personal and selfish selves. We recognize that radicalism, untempered by consideration, is far more retarding than conservatism that is a near kin to servility. We recognize that conservatism that yields every point where manhood is of prime necessity is quite as much of an obstacle in the path of progress as inconsiderate radicalism. There is a helpful and healthy and advantageous medium between the two, and that medium will be The Bee's policy.

It matters not how high nor how low is the man, class or faction whose efforts are out of tune with justice for the race; against such this newspaper proposes to wield an uncompromising fight. If there is corruption in fraternal orders, The Bee will point to it, and more, will name the men guilty. The editorials of this newspaper will be made stronger and more virile, if that be possible. To those who are waging a hampered, though consistent and unselfish contest for race uplift, The Bee will give cordial and constant support. And this newspaper has age behind it. It is not of mushroom growth, but for thirty years it has been issued without missing a date, and it is known wherever a Negro runs and reads. We have set our high mark, and if conserving the interest of the race, the whole race, begets influence for good, the year 1911 will record the high-water mark of The Bee's beneficent influence in behalf of and for the race. The Bee is no man's petty organ.

COLOR CRAZE.

And now there is a color craze at the Government Hospital for the Insane. The Georgetown University and the George Washington University medical students have decided not to attend the medical lectures given by Dr. White at the Government Hospital for the Insane if Negroes attend.

Is it any more harm for colored students to sit in the same hall with these white students than it is for them to sit side by side in a street car? Suppose the 100 white students were on a sinking ship in midocean; would they run away from a floating boat near by containing colored seamen? Or would these 100 students rather sink out of sight?

The colored medical students at Howard University are gentlemen. Have these 100 students read the latest compliment paid the colored students and the medical school of Howard University? These white students who went to hear Dr. White's lecture on insanity must be in need of brain cure themselves, because no sane medical student would have made an ass of himself, as the 100 white men did when they walked out of the lecture room or refuse to attend with Negro students.

The time will soon come when the prejudiced white man will see his error. There must be something in the Negro that the white man fears. What is it? Will some one answer the question?

The Negro has not always been regarded a dangerous animal. He has been left alone with the white man's wife and daughter while he (the white man) has gone to war and returned and found them safe and sound. The good white women in the South don't fear the Negro. Why do the men fear him? Please explain.

OH, THE SCHOOLS.

And now the health officer of the District of Columbia has made a great discovery as to the cause of so much ill health in the city The public schools in this city are as old as the Government, and there are people living to-day since the foundation of the Government who have taken a course in nothing.

Dr. Woodward thinks that the public schools should prevent that which he is paid for. He is charged with the city's health. Why not call on the collector of taxes or the assessor of the District of Columbia for the number of deaths that occurred in the city every year; or ask the Commissioners to instruct these two officers to have their clerks to compile health statistics every year?

It would seem to The Bee that the public schools have enough of their own business to attend to instead of attending to the duties of the health officer. The pupils in our schools are instructed in hygiene by the teachers, and they have been from time immemorial. But the health of the city should be looked after by the health officer of our local Government. What the people should be instructed to do is to keep their bodies clean, their clothes washed and their teeth thoroughly cleaned.

Oh, the schools!

LEWIS' APPOINTMENT.

The Bee is constanly in receipt of inquiries, by mail and otherwise, as to the possible appointment of W. H. Lewis, of Boston, to be the Assistant Attorney General. The Negroes of the United States, influenced by the reports in the daily newspapers to the effect that he will not be appointed, are much wrought up. The Bee confidently believes, until the President announces otherwise, that Mr. Lewis will be appointed.

We admonish our people to curb their impetuosity, to hold their peace and await word from the President. Mr. Lewis—and all honor to him for it—is preserving a dignified silence, although it must be and is embarrassing to him to be held, as it were, up to public gaze as one who came so near, but not near enough. His tactful manner and his dignified silence offers one more proof that he is big enough and brainy enough to fill the position, and that, too, with credit to the Department of Justice. It is our opinion, though we have no authoritative information, that the President will, in his own time, appoint Mr. Lewis. As yet our optimism, in so far as this special case is concerned, has not been displaced by pessimism.

ASK THE PEOPLE.

The citizens of Washington have the most implicit faith in Superintendent Stuart. They believe that he is the right man in the right place, and has done and will do all in his power to elevate the public school system under his supervision.

The Bee knows also that he exercises no tyrannical authority over his teachers and other subordinates under him. He is not the man to deprive the normal school graduates of their just dues by placing favorites or outsiders over them. White teachers are not nervous; they feel content, and will work to aid their superintendent. Mr. Stuart will not tolerate a "tattler," and neither will he encourage a mischief-maker. The people who are interested in the colored schools want just such a man as Mr. Stuart. It is in his power to give the colored schools a man acceptable to the people. Will Mr. Stuart do so? Ask the people, Mr. Stuart, what they want.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS.

The Bee recognizes that the subject of vocational schools is a question of deep concern. Opposing it as we have, yet we know it, as most everything that aims to better the masses, must have some strong points. In order to educate the people up to it, and in order to give the opponents and opposers an equal chance to advise the public, we suggest that Dr. Bruce Evans and Prof. Arthur Newman, respectively, set forth, in the columns of The Bee the advantages of and difference between, if any, manual training and vocational schools. If there is no conflict, and if the vocational school serves a purpose the manual training school does not, let the public know it. The public has a right to know.

WHY NOT ORGANIZE?

There are all kinds of organizations in this city, from a grasshoppers' brigade to an ant light infantry. There are a mushroom battalion to a monkey artillery, and not an organization among Negro lawyers. They won't organize. Their time is taken up cutting one another's throats. And why these so-called intellectual men don't organize, The Bee can't state. Many of them are more busy attending to business that does not belong to them than they are to business that belongs to themselves. There should be a National bar association among Negro lawyers. Can one be organized?

JUDGE SMITH.

President Taft nominated Representative Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, United States Judge for the Eighth circuit, to succeed Judge Vandeventer. Mr. Smith is a man of great legal ability, and the man suited for the place. The Bee congratulates you, Judge Smith.

This newspaper is making a thorough investigation into a matter of deep concern to thousands of colored men, which calls for a protest. If the facts bear out our opinion, next week's issue will carry a ringing editorial of denunciation that will make all sit up and take notice. We will call a spade a spade, and the editorial will be of National interest.

The banquet for Henry Lincoln Johnson, Editor Slaughter and Grandmaster Morris, of the Odd Fellows, was pulled off as per schedule. It is reported as a felicitous affair. Just why the promoters coupled the three distingues is not known. A banquet to Mr. Johnson should have been separate and distinct from the other two. However, if the promoters and banqueters are satisfied, The Bee is also satisfied.

Negro firms and business houses are gently reminded that the way to reach a remunerative patronage is through the advertising columns of The Bee. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

The Bee's circulation is double that of all other race newspapers in the District. Our books against their books for the proof.

They segregated the colored clerks, it is alleged, in the Census Office, and now comes the rumor that the same damnable segregation is in effect in the Postoffice Department. We withhold comment until we know for a certainty that such is the truth.

There are aids and battalion, regiment and company officers, but there is but one leader, and his name a household name—Booker T. Washington.

THE WAY OUTSIDERS LOOK AT IT.

Bruce's Propaganda Condemned.

To the Editor of The Bee.

It is with no small degree of regret that I learn Washington is to have a vocational school, with a minimum of academic studies. The public school, whether elementary or high, located either in the city or country should have a wide range of interests and the curriculum should be expanded and enriched so as to minister to the natural inclination of those in attendance.. Because a boy is born and grows up in an urban center, is that any just reason why he should not have an aptitude for farming? Shall the country youth not have a fair chance to pursue a commercial course? Every pupil in a public school should be given an opportunity to elect the work for which he or she is best fitted.

A goodly number of the leading men of our race oppose industrial education, as they claim it will establish social distinctions. The separation of agricultural, industrial and household are schools is a step toward segregation, and we can not afford to indorse any philosophy of education that tends to peasantize any portion of our race. The purpose of schools, especially those supported by the public, is not to teach subjects and arts, but to train boys and girls. Subjects are incidental to so training boys and girls that they may be able to live the fullest posible lives. The only fault with the public high school is that it was established with the idea that every pupil's brain, potentially, was capable of developing under a universal curriculum. As a result of this belief every pupil has been passed through the same "educational cider press" and condemned if he did not show up well.

Dr. Washington, in a recent article, cites the case of a Harvard graduate as a failure in educational theory at his institution.

Again, the worst teaching is done in secondary schools, where the teachers are mostly college graduates. The studies pursued in these "higher" institutions keep them "up in the air," and out of touch with common things of life. They absorb themselves in science and have no realization of the existence of such a thing as an art, and in the school room present a type of the pathetic schoolmaster pictured by Goldsmith, Scott, Irving and Dickens. The school house should not merely concern itself with the past, but with the history that is now being made. Magazines, newspapers, including the Negro sheets and supplementary books discuss live issues and are as essential to the teacher's proper equipment as educational journals and professional publications. In fact, there is so much not to be found in text books that the teacher must be the text book for each subject.

In recommending teachers who are to constitute the faculty of State normals which the people of Maryland demand, have wide interests. I have sought the best representatives in every line of science and art that are considered necessary for the highest individual and racial development. In the opinion of the writer a teacher who is such a pronounced and confirmed specialists as to be wholly absorbed in his subject to the utter disregard for all others is in no position to labor in a normal school, which seeks to revitalize the elementary schools by an appropriate and advantageous correlation of academic subjects and systematic coordination of theory and practice.

Industrial courses are not to train farmers, mechanics or domestics exclusively, but for intelligent citizens who know how to successfully ply their several and diversified arts and crafts. No school system needs schools of blacksmithing or cooking any more than it needs schools of psychology or English. The technical and industrial schools were largely a protest against the older education. It was natural at first they should be separate institutions, but in this day and time every boy and girl should be trained in a cosmopolitan atmosphere, in an environment much broader than individual interests. Reorganize the two high schools and arrange to have more than one avenue into life. Pupils pursuing varied courses besides mingling together should acquire proficiency, each in his own line, and a sympathetic breadth of character results from daily association. As an illustration of the truth of this statement, the State University, embracing the several colleges of law, medicine, theology, agriculture and engineering, is unsurpassed.

A prominent writer in describing the development of Southern Russia in wealth, cultivable area, volume of crops and minerals, makes the following comment on education. "The schools are of a very low grade, and the number ought to be increased, but the officials who have charge of such matters answer the criticism by saying that they will start a school for every competent teacher that can be found. It is not a question of school houses, they declare, but a question of teachers." Prof. Thorndike, in discussing the elimination of pupils for school, says the one main cause of elimination is the incapacity for and lack of interest in the sort of intellectual work demanded by present courses of study. Neither free schooling nor compulsory education guarantees even a solid elementary training for all children. The amazing phenomenon in human life is the absolute forgetfulness by adults of their childish thoughts and feelings. The general attitude which assumes that childhood is a preparation for life, is a colossal blunder, and doubtless the cause of many mistakes made by mature folks in dealing with younger people. By their teachers Beecher was regarded as a dunce, Webster as a failure, Spencer as dull, and Franklin as stupid. Records fail to show that Emerson, Huxley, Shakespeare or Edison ever led their classes in school. Suppose the genius just mentioned had been denied the opportunity for advanced academic or technical training?

Good land grows weeds when no crop is planted, so the pupil who is occupied with no interesting task is a perennial torment. Let us not condemn him, but make the psychological experiment to ascertain his tastes and aptitude. The average teacher knows books better than she does children. The pupil whom most teachers would designate as good, usually lacks independence, enthusiasm, originality and achieving power. Children are actually living and their lives must be respected. Utilize the theory as set forth by Prof. Dewey and inherited from Comenius, that education is not merely a preparation for lift but is or should be life itself. Rousseau declared ordinary education sacrifices childhood to the acquisition of knowledge or rather semblance of knowledge, which is thought to be useful to the adult, whereas life should be as complete as possible during the transient period. Conservatively speaking, four-fifths of what is learned in school is forgotten, but the thirst for knowledge and predilection for self-improvement having become grafted on the individual's mind, the teacher's labors are rewarded. Pupils learn to forget, but strength is developed for what is next to come. In other words, facts and theories serve as the scaffold in erecting mind. The school is not so valuable for knowledge imparted as broader fields are disclosed, not so much for what it does for the pupil as what it inspires him to do for himself. Learning for life and the knowledge of this decade may not be the knowledge of the next, but with fundamental training the individual can keep abreast of the times. What Washington needs is professional teachers of broad experience, who will readjust and revitalize its high and normal training schools curricula.

Rev. White Calls a Conference.

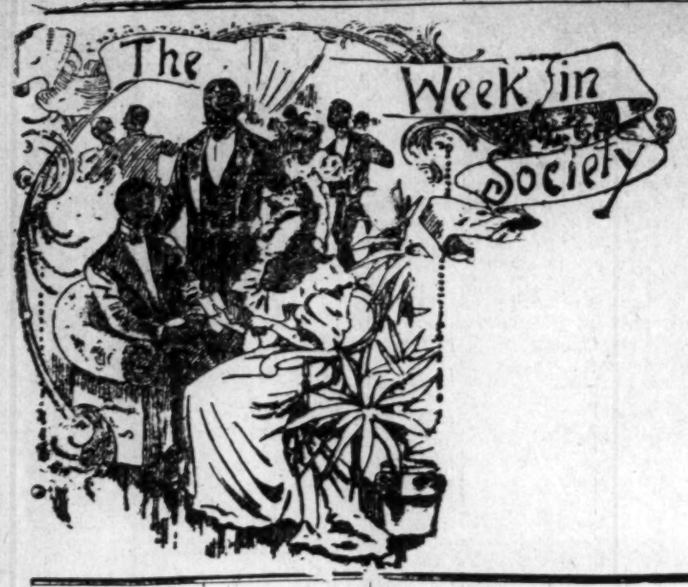
Arrangements have been completed for a conference with a number of representative men at 2533½ Fifteenth street northwest, February 6, 1911, to take under consideration very important measures of interest to the colored people of the United States.

The conference will be held from 8 P. M. until 10 P. M., after which a supper will be tendered complimentary to the Hon. W. T. Vernon, Register of the Treasury.

Those invited to the conference are: Judge R. H. Terrell, Mr. Whitfield McKinlay, Collector of Customs; Hon. W. T. Vernon, Register of the Treasury; Hon. J. C. Napier, of Tennessee; Hon. H. Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds; Rev. G. W. W. Jenkins, D. D., and Mr. W. Calvin Chase, editor of The Bee. The conference is called by Rev. James L. White, 2533½ Fifteenth street northwest.

Mr. Winslow Sick.

Mr. James H. Winslow, the well known funeral director, and one of the most affable business men in this city, is sick at his home, 1204 R street northwest. Mr. Winslow has been confined to his home and bed for two weeks. His friends and acquaintances are very solicitous about him.



Going down town? No; not when I can get the richest and most artistic boxes of fine fresh candies, dainty and lasting perfumery, high-grade post cards, fine cigars and novelties at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th street northwest.

* * *

Miss M. Olive Wall, of Baltimore, Md., was the recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dulaney.

* * *

Miss Helen Batson and Mr. Herbert T. Johnson, of Lewiston, N. C., were married here last week, by Rev. W. J. Robinson.

* * *

Mr. Clarence Allen, of this city, spent Sunday of last week in Baltimore, the guest at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Parker, in Druid Hill avenue.

* * *

Mr. James Smith, of this city, is visiting his sister in New York City.

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Miss Bessie Taylor has returned to this city after a pleasant stay of ten days in Philadelphia, Pa., with friends.

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Hon. Henry L. Johnson is a guest at the Hotel Maceo during his stay in Philadelphia.

* * *

Mrs. Kate Redrick, a census clerk, had a very pleasant visit to her home in New York recently.

* * *

Mrs. Alice West Cook has returned to her home in Buffalo, N. Y., after a very pleasant visit of three months in this city.

* * *

Dr. W. S. Lofton was in Philadelphia the first of last week.

* * *

Quality is what counts in drugs, medicines and remedies. You get the very highest quality at the fairest price at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ Fourteenth street northwest. Hundreds of satisfied customers attest this fact.

* * *

Mr. George Henderson, of this city, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waters, on Huntington street, Savannah, Ga.

* * *

Mrs. Missouri Wells, of this city, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. B. Hunt, in Norfolk, Va.

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Mrs. Bertha Morris returned home last Saturday after a pleasant visit to Portsmouth, Va.

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Mr. George Fletcher, of this city, is enjoying a pleasant visit with his friends in Atlanta, Ga.

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Messrs. B. Witten and M. Brown, who spent a very pleasant visit with their aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Scott, 521 Nichols avenue, Anacostia, have returned to their home in West Virginia.

* * *

Mr. Clarence Gray, of New York City, visited friends here this week.

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Mrs. Dovie Mathews Howard, of Oklahoma, has returned to this city, after a pleasant matrimonial trip to her home. She will reside temporarily with Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Scott, 521 Nicholas avenue, Anacostia.

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Mrs. Mary E. Jones, who has been seriously ill with an attack of rheumatism, has sufficiently improved to leave her bed, greatly to the gratification of her friends.

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Editor H. P. Slaughter, of the Odd Fellows Journal, was in the city this week.

* * *

Mr. Edward E. Morris, of Chicago, Ill., is in the city.

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Crowds are taking advantage of the anniversary sale now going on at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy, 1912½ 14th street. Bargains and Christmas presents galore.

* * *

Miss Naomi Toppen was the hostess at an informal tea at her home, 45 Hanover street northwest, in honor of her cousin, Miss Lottie Collins, and Mr. Norris, of Pittsburg. The dining room was tastefully decorated with flowers. Her mother, Mrs. H. E. Toppen, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Lillian Toppen, assisted at the tea table, serving the guests with the delicacies of the season. Miss Collins will leave Sunday morning for her home in Pittsburg.

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Mrs. M. C. Maxfield entertained at tea last Sunday evening Mrs. Emma Roberts and little daughter Evelyn, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Pocahontas Pope, formerly of North Carolina, but who is now residing in this city.

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Mr. Charles Barker has returned to this city after a two weeks stay with his relatives in Kansas City, Kan.

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Mrs. H. E. Toppen has had as her guest her adopted daughter, Miss Lottie Collins, and Mr. Norris, of Pittsburg, Pa.

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The Pullman Porters' reception given at the Auditorium Wednesday evening was largely attended and well patronized.

The following ladies and gentlemen were entertained at Reeves' Cafe, 626 T street northwest, on Tuesday, January 17. After the entertainment they sat down to a sumptuous repast, which lasted until the midnight hour, when all retired to their homes, feeling much exhilarated and in need of rest. The guests: Misses Goodrich, Wilson, Aline Sheffey, Georgie Sheffey, Price, Howe and Sneed; Messrs. O. D. Jones, Penon, E. J. Strom, Kyles and J. H. Simmons.

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Mr. W. H. Smith, formerly of Howard Theater, will remain in Jackson, Mich., for a few weeks. He has been asked to manage a new show, which will be the greatest hit of the century. Mr. Smith is a wide-awake hustler.

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Don't take calomel for your liver when you can get Liveroids, the great vegetable liver regulator, tonic and blood purifier, at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ Fourteenth street northwest.

* * *

Miss Isabella Howin, of 824 Gales street northwest, is no better.

* * *

Mr. J. Milton Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., is in this city.

* * *

Ice cream soda is popular the year 'round at the drug store of Board & McGuire on Fourteenth street. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

At Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell, of 438 Third street southwest, held an at home to which over two hundred invited guests were entertained. Music, singing and games were a few of the features of the evening. Refreshments were served in the dining room. Mrs. Campbell wore a most handsome gown. The dresses of the lady guests were also gorgeous.

Don't forget to call at the drug store of Board & McGuire and examine the finest assortment of the best perfumery and candies in the city from 25 cents to $5 a box.

Douglass Violin Recital.

Prof. Joseph H. Douglass, the great violinist and grandson of Frederick Douglass, stood upon the platform of the Second Baptist Church last Monday evening. His complete mastery of that tiny box, as it was moved under the spell of an unconscious but skilful hand, with an eye trained in its movements and as the music rained down into his soul overflowing in its grand and glorious passage to an outer world, was truly demonstrated upon this occasion. He still retains that ease of poise—graceful to me sure; that manipulation which stamps him a great techirician and exponent of the violin, that breadth of soul that brings hither such wonderful harmony; that exceedingly admirable and graceful execution which all great artists possess. Mr. Douglass received a warm welcome and applause greeted his every effort, likewise his amiable wife, Mrs. Douglass, for indeed her ability as an accompanist is well known. She certainly shares part of the glory of her companion.

Other numbers were: Prof. Wellington A. Adams, the organist, who rendered two beautiful vocal selections that won for him great applause. By special request Prof. Adams played his original composition, "Bwano Tumbo Welcome March;" this march was encored heavily. Miss Gunn played an instrumental solo that was well received. Another surprise was given in Master Clifton Jackson, a music pupil of Prof. Adams who is about six years old. Dr. W. Bishop Johnson, the pastor, was master of ceremonies, and handled the program as an adept.

J. LUBRIE HILL'S SUCCESS.

"Our Friend From Dixie" at the Sea Shore.

Atlantic City, January 17.

Atlantic City is full of people. There is lots of fun and pleasure in this great resort. The event of the season is the appearance of J. Lubrie Hill and his company in our "Friend From Dixie." The Atlantic City Review, in speaking of the show, says:

"Friend From Dixie" a Pleasing Show.

The first appearance here last night of the latest colored show at the Apollo, "My Friend From Dixie," was witnessed by a large and satisfied audience. The play clings closely to the American Negro, the opening scene being a Virginia plantation with a host of happy darky boys and girls singing and dancing to their heart's content. The next two scenes carry into the colored society of Washington and gives an opportunity for dress. The costumes are well in keeping with this scene.

J. Lubrie Mill, who for many seasons was character comedian and producer, is responsible for the words, while Will H. Vodery, who is known as the Sousa of the colored race, wrote the music. Hill introduces himself as a female character and gets away with many good laughs, with clean comedy.

His song, "Has Anybody Seen Jim Jackson Lee," is nobby and very catchy. Hill is well deserving of the announcement he is given in advance notices, and more will be heard of him. Brown and Shelton, a close second to Williams and Walker, have been seen here at the Pier in vaudeville. They have the quality to step into the place of the recent colored stars.

The Atlantic City Daily Press, in speaking of the show, says the following:

Colored Show Makes a Hit.

Last night at the Apollo saw J. Lubrie Hill as a star in his own vehicle, "My Friend From Dixie." For a number of seasons Hill has been identified with Williams and Walker and Ernest Hogan, not only as a character comedian, but a producer as well. His new offering follows the lines of the general run of this style of show, but clings closely to the American Negro, where many other past plays of this type resorted to African Zulus, etc. There is many catchy song lists in the show, among them being "Jim Jackson Lee," sung by Hill, and "Molasses Candy," by Will Brown. The music is by Will H. Vodery, for years director of this class of show. Many white successes are using Vodery music under different names. The "Time, Place and the Girl" being one of the many. There is a large company with plenty of good talent among which are Brown and Shelton, who have a decided chance for Williams and Walker's place; Leona Marshall, Louis Mitchell and Mamie Butler, who was here last season with Cole and Johnson. There is every reason to believe that "My Friend From Dixie" will be in the front ranks of colored shows ere many moons. It will be repeated again Tuesday and Wednesday with daily matinees.

Mr. Hill is making good, and wherever he goes he meets with a great ovation. He is one of the coming comedians of the age. Mr. Louis Mitchell is making a great hit. The company is preparing to produce a new show on its return trip to Washington.

HENRY LINCOLN JOHNSON.

Henry Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, who is also deputy grand master of the colored Odd Fellows of the United States, and Henry P. Slaughter, editor of the Odd Fellows' Journal, were the special guests at a banquet last Tuesday night, given by 200 representative colored citizens of Washington, in the banquet room of the colored Odd Fellows' Hall, M street near Fifteenth street northwest.

In addition to the two guests of honor, there were present the following honorary guests: Edward H. Morris, of Chicago, grand master of the order; W. L. Huston, former grand master, and now associate justice of the colored Odd Fellows' supreme court; Harry S. Cummings, of Baltimore, attorney general of the order, and G. H. Sheehy, of Florida, a grand director.

L. M. Hershaw, chairman of the general committee, was toastmaster, and W. I. Lee made the address of welcome. Addresses were made by Recorder Johnson and Mr. Slaughter, and briefer remarks by honorary guests. Letters were read from Charles D. Morton, private secretary to the President; Chief Clerk Weed, of the Postoffice Department, and others.

Pays Tribute to Supreme Court.

In the course of his remarks, responding to the address of welcome, Mr. Johnson, who is a lawyer by profession, paid a tribute to the Supreme Court of the United States for its recent decision in the Alabama peonage case, and also commended the decision of the Virginia courts for declaring null and void a provision in a deed which prohibited a man from owing a certain piece of property because of his color. In conclusion Mr. Johnson said:

"I believe in the Republican party and reverence and respect its great leaders."

Musical numbers were furnished by the Wilberforce Orchestra, including a saxaphone solo by William Henson. A humorous aftermath was conducted by Robert A. Pelham, in which T. Spencer Finley, F. H. Murray, R. G. Doggett, Dr. A. S. Gray and Shelby J. Davidson participated.

Officers and committees in charge of the function were as follows: General committee—L. M. Hershaw, chairman; Oliver Randolph, secretary. Reception committee—William Pollard, chairman. Banquet committee—W. H. Clifford, chairman; C. J. Pickett, vice chairman. Finance committee—Thomas A. Johnson, chairman. Decorations committee—H. H. Naylor, chairman, and program committee—Robert A. Pelham, chairman.

Bishop J. S. Caldwell has invited Dr. Booker T. Washington to be present and deliver an address on the occasion of the opening of the Varick Memorial A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, at some early date. The Varick Memorial Church is the largest house of worship for colored people in Philadelphia, and Bishop Caldwell says that in many respects it is the finest. It is Bishop Caldwell's plan to serve a banquet in Dr. Washington's honor at the conclusion of his address.

WILL NOT GIVE TWO COURSES.

Dr. W. A. White Will Carry on His Lectures as Usual.

Dr. William A. White, superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane, whose act in inviting students of Howard University to attend a lecture course he was giving to medical students of Georgetown and George Washington Universities caused the race issue to be brought by the latter two bodies, says he will not attempt to give a separate course of lectures for the dissatisfied students.

Dr. White declared he could not possibly find time to give two courses of lectures, and that his regular course would continue as usual. The next lecture, he announced, would be held Thursday afternoon, beginning at 4 o'clock.

THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Madame Marshall's Success.

Friday evening was a great musical treat for the musical people in this city. Mrs. Marshall, president of the Conservatory of Music, had her opening. There were lots of distinguished people present who came to do honor to the Washington Conservatory of Music.

The opening recital of the winter term of the Washington Conservatory of Music was well attended and highly appreciated by all. The program was exceptionally attractive and well rendered.

Mr. Percy Foster, of the Foster music firm, well known as a musical leader in Washington, was introduced by Mr. Louis Gregory, the financial secretary of the Conservatory.

The faculty and students as well as the audience were inspired by his address, and appreciated his high commendation of the work, which he has watched since its foundation. He said that he had visited the leading conservatories of the country, and so well was this program executed that if he had closed his eyes he could not have told the difference. In conclusion he paid a high compliment to Mrs. Marshall, the president, and commented upon the immense reflex benefit which the community derived from her "noble attempts to attain the consummation of her high ideals."

The department of vocal expression was creditably represented by Mrs. Emma Lee Williams, of the senior class.

The piano department, commencing with the talented little girl and boy of the elementary and preparatory departments, showed the careful grading and thorough training as evidenced by the intelligent interpretation of each number to the post-graduate course.

The selection played by Miss Elsie Brown, Miss Celestine Lett, Miss Ruth Grimshaw received special applause.

The following program was presented:

Presentation of Program—Miss Georgia Sheffey.

Rubinstein — Trio, Piano and Strings—Miss Deserie Catlett. Teachers' course, 1910.

Low Duet—Primo—Marie Childers. Elementary Course.

Rubinstein Melody in F—Claude Hopkins. Preparatory Course.

Godard—"Mazurka"—Jewel Jennifer. Intermediate Course.

Godard — "Au Matin" — Isadore Blagburn. Intermediate Course.

Chopin—"The Black Key Etude"—Elsie Brown. Intermediate course.

Knowles—(a)"Tell to his native Mountains." Davis—(b)"Skeeting on Ice"—Mrs. Emma Lee Williams. Vocal Expression Department.

Max Dowell—"Wandering Iceberg"—Angela Braxton. Senior Teachers' Course.

Greig—"Wedding Procession"—Ruth Weatherless. Senior Teachers' Course.

Godard—"Enroute" — Miss Celestine Lott. Teachers' Course, 1910.

Trio—Piano and Strings—Messrs. Grant, Jeter and Fortune.

Sinding—"March Grotesque"—Miss Ruth Grimshaw. Post-graduate Course.

Mendelssohn Concerto—"Capriccio Brilliant"—Miss Fearing, first piano, Miss Weatherless, second piano.

Remarks—Mr. Louis Gregory, Financial Secretary.

Remarks—Mr. Percy Foster, of Foster Piano Co., 1330 G St.

Miss Kinne to Return.

It is quite likely that Miss Bell Kinne will return to her school at Deanwood. The blunder of a change has recently been developed. The citizens of the county are wild with indignation over a recent happening. There is music in the air. Full particulars next week. Supervising principal Montgomery is making an investigation.

DR. CORROTHERS.

There was a great day at Galbraith Church last Sunday. It was the pastor's day, and he was not disappointed. There was two hundred and four dollars and thirty-four cents reported.

Dr. Corrothers is popular with the members of his church. Sunday, tomorrow, the 22d, is the quarterly meeting. Monday, the 23d, at 2 o'clock the church will entertain the ministers' alliance.

Monday night there will be union Communion services.

Galbraith Church is constantly growing in popularity, and no other man but Dr. Corrothers will ever clear that church of the debt. The people rally to his support, and there is no doubt the day is fast approaching when this well known divine will be elected to a higher position.

Social Settlement.

Monday evening, January 30, a pleasant time is anticipated at the Sorial Settlement, 18th and L streets southwest, when all who are endeavoring to raise money for the Settlement, by means of punch cards, under the direction of Miss Hawes, will make their reports. A gold ring is to be given to the one raising the largest amount of money. There will be good music. Admission only 10 cents. Please come and bring your friends.

A Valentine Dance.

The Graduate Nurses' Association, assisted by Mrs. Dr. A. M. Curtis and several other prominent ladies, will give a valentine dance, February 14, at True Reformers' Hall, room 10. Good music. Admission, 25 cents.

Not Authorized.

The public and friends of the McKinley Normal and Industrial School, of Alexandria, Va., are warned against all persons who claim to be authorized and bona fide representatives of this school. No person is authorized to collect funds for the benefit of this school whatever. Respectfully,

REV. R. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Wanted At Once.

Wanted at this office—Two good collectors and canvassers and an office boy. Call between the hours of 10 and 11 a. m. 1109 I street northwest.

HOWARD THEATRE

T st. near 7th, N. W.

The Theatre for the People

Benefit of Y. M. C. A.

Grand MUSICAL and DRAMATIC SPECTACLE

Presennting a cast of 100 Performers

Portraying the Evolution of the Negro in Picture, Song and Story

Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford
Dramatic Reader

Miss Lillian Evans
Lyric Soprano

L'Allegro Glee Club
Henry L. Grant, Director

Jeter Bros. String Quartette

Wood Nymphs' Frolic
Twenty lovely Maidens in spectacle arranged by Miss Therese Lee

Miss Maline Thomas
Vocal Solo

Miss Lula V. Childers
H. U. Directress

Miss Charlotte Wallace
Contralto

Dr. C. Sumner Wormley
Baritone

Armstrong and M St. Glee Clubs
Prof. Ernest Amos, Director

Mrs. Julia W. McAdoo
Elocutionist

Master Merrill Curtis
Impersonator

Miss Jean Kelly, *New York*
Contralto

Piper and Berkley
Magician,

Mesdames: Robt. Pelham, Wm. A. Wells and Miss Mary Europe, Pianists
Miss Abby Williams, Conservatory of Music, Accompanist

HOWARD THEATRE
Friday, Jan. 27 at 8 P. M.

PRICES: 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00

Tickets obtained of Mr. Lewis Johnson, at Y. M. C. and Mr. H. Clifford, 1944 9th Street, Northwest.

"The House of Plainly Marked Prices."

We could tell you fifty reasons

—why it will be to your advantage to buy Furniture and Carpets from us.

Just one is sufficient

We make it possible for you to have everything necessary for home comfort AT ONCE.

Anything you wish will be charged on an open account which is made payable as your circumstances may suggest.

Come where you can read every price and do the buying before there's a question about how or when you desire to pay.

PETER GROGAN and Sons Co.

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Oysters in All Styles

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BUFFET AND RESTUARANT

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Mme. Banzi
PALMIST and CARD READER

Who Controls Events! Never Fails!

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GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, GUNS, MECHANICAL TOOLS LADIES' AND GENTS' WEARING APPAREL.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER BOUGHT.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES FOR SALE.

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H. K. FULTON'S LOAN OFFICE

No. 314 Ninth Street, N. W.
Loans made on Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.
If you want to buy a good watch, diamond ring, or jewelry of any kind, look at our stock first. You!

Why pay 10 per cent when you can get it for 3 per cent.

H. K. FULTON

PERILS OF EXPLORERS.

Tragic Journey Across a Desert of Central Asia by the Great Swedish Explorer, Sven Hedin.

One of the most trying of the central Asian adventures of Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, was this? In February, 1895, Sven Hedin started eastward, exploring the country between the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers, proceeding in April to cross the Takla Makan desert, between the Yarkand and Khotan rivers. Never before had any known traveler attempted to exploit a course amid the eternal sea of shifting sand hills from river to river. The tale of that little, travel worn, bedraggled group, far beyond the last watering place, enveloped in dust, stumbling along through the dreary but agitated desert sea by crooks and roundabout ways, with desolation spread around and every trace of life departed, was a weird and pathetic one. "Not even a fly was to be heard in the air, not even a yellow leaf broke the monotony."

And ever at their head was the sturdy figure of the Swedish explorer, compass in hand, still enthusiastic, guiding them as best he could through the death shrouded wilderness. At length the camels had to eat their straw saddles, and the last of the bread was gone. Horrors followed. As men and camels dropped out of the line they were immediately enveloped in the whirling sand shroud and never seen again.

The end came on May 5, when Sven Hedin, crawling on all fours, dragged himself across the dry bed of the Khotan river. "All of a sudden a duck flew into the air and water splashed," he wrote. Two of his followers were all that survived, and it is doubtful whether even those two would have lived to tell the tale had not Sven Hedin carried back water for them in his boots.

MARKED THEIR TRAIL.

Two Brave Women Who Outwitted a Band of Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1776 Jemima Boone and two sisters named Callaway while boating on the Kentucky allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and, although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly out into the water, seized the canoe and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants.

Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stifled sobs and calmly accompanied their captors without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers.—H. Addington Bruce in Smith's Magazine.

Stories of W. S. Gilbert.

When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at doubled prices, the story goes that Mr. Herman Vezin, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert.—London Graphic.

Peter the Great as a Drinker.

There is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, "and so to the playhouse." But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

He Had the Bill.

Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a forty dollar bill. Jack—A forty dollar bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor!—Chicago News.

To Fresh Eyes.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail."—Christian Register.

There is nothing so utterly hollow as a kind word that should have been spoken yesterday.—Evangel.

As the Twig Bends.

Kendall had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry trees cut down.

"Jack," he said, "did you do that?"

With quivering lip Jack replied: "Father, I can't deceive you. I did not cut the tree down. Billy Brown did it, but I bossed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you, my boy," he said, "Billy will be president of the United States, but you will be chairman of the national committee."—Success Magazine.

The Gargoyle.

The word "gargoyle" is closely akin to "gargle," for "gargoyle" is simply the French "gargouille" (throat). It was a good name for the architectural monster through whose mouth the rainwater was carried off. But all idea of the throat had disappeared in the terrible Gargouille de Rouen, the dragon which wasted a French district until St. Romanus threw it into the Seine. In after generations a huge sham gargouille used to be carried round the city once a year in memory of this deliverance.

Something Wrong.

"Oh, dear, John, I just know I shall not like this dress!"

"What's the matter now?" asked her husband without laying down his pipe or looking from his paper. "I thought you said you liked it."

"That's just it. I was so sure I wouldn't like it when I got it home, though I liked it well enough in the store. And now that I am home I do like it, and therefore I know I will not like it when it is made up. Now I don't know what to do."

"Search me," grunted the cruel man, turning to the sporting page.—Puck.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A Quaker was negotiating with an insurance agent as to effecting a policy on a vessel overdue. At this juncture he heard of the vessel's loss and wrote at once to the agent of the company:

"Friend, if thee hasn't filled up the policy thee needn't, for I've heard of the ship."

"Eh," said the officers, "cunning fellow. He wants to do us out of the premium." So they wrote to the Quaker:

"Thou art too late by half an hour. Thy policy is filled up."

Stromboli's Flames.

Stromboli rarely pours out streams of lava, for this Aeolian crater vomits flame persistently and cinders spasmodically. The "lighthouse of the Mediterranean" has been known to stick to its function of torchbearer for the space of 2,000 years. Whenever the tiny, regular eruption takes place the stones drop back again into the crater. While the ancients regarded Stromboli variously as the smithy of Vulcan and the headquarters of Aeolus, the men of the middle ages looked upon it as the main highway to purgatory.

What Telepathy Is.

Telepathy is the transference of emotions and sensations between souls, while thought transference is the transmission of words, ideas or images from mind to mind. Thus telepathic communication is possible only between persons of a certain degree of soul development and between whom there is a degree of emotional sympathy, while in transference of thought one dominant, positive mind may affect another without there being any degree of sympathetic vibration between them.—"Svastika."

The Earth's Crust.

The solid crust of the earth is about twenty-five miles thick, and it floats upon a denser substratum, which is fluid or at least plastic. The crust of the earth may therefore be compared to an ice floe resting on the ocean and the mountains to icebergs imbedded in it. Just as an iceberg floats with only a small proportion of its bulk above the surface of the water, so the hills as we know them are merely the crests of huge bergs that float, almost wholly submerged, in a denser substratum.—Captain Craster in New Quarterly Review.

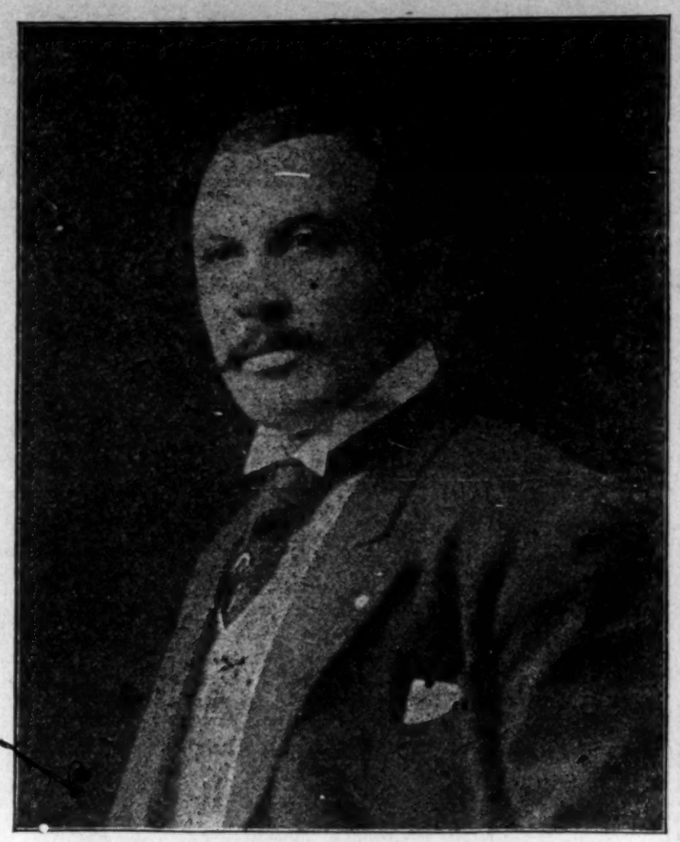
Eating Oysters.

Surely the queerest way of cooking an oyster is that mentioned in the year 1672, when Richardson, the fire eater, took a live coal on his tongue; on this he put a raw oyster in its shell, while an attendant blew upon the coal with bellows until it flamed and sparkled in his mouth. This continued until the oyster opened and was perfectly cooked.

The European Magazine for 1806 contains an account of a young lady at Brighton who undertook to eat for supper the amazing quantity of 300 oysters, with a certain amount of bread and butter. This feat she performed, greatly to the astonishment of all present.

Armor Plated Pawnshops.

The inside of a Chinese pawnshop is a terra incognito to most people, Chinese and English. Few are admitted within its mysterious walls except those directly connected with the business. A traveler was recently permitted to inspect one in an inland town and was surprised to find the entire building incased in sheet iron about one-eighth of an inch thick. It must have cost a large sum to build an iron house within the usual lofty brick edifice, yet there it was, even to the roof. It served a twofold purpose—a protection against fire and thieves. Yet even within this iron castle night watchmen armed with heavy revolvers and clad in bullet proof jackets ever keep watch.



MR. A. C. HOWARD, OF NEW YORK.

Where to Buy Howard's Polish in Washington:

DEPARTMENT STORES

Saks & Co., Department Store.
S. Kann & Sons, Department Store.
M. Goldenberg's, Department Store.
George Goldenburg, 463 Pennsylvania avenue, Department Store.

DRUGGISTS

Gray and Gray, True Reformers' Building, 122 N street northwest.
Southwestern Drug Company, Second and H streets southwest.
Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th street, northwest.
W. L. Smith, 2201 Seventh street northwest.
Leroy H. Harris, 600 Third street southwest.
J. R. Mayer, Fourth and N streets southwest.
L. M. Day & Co., 14th and P streets northwest.
J. W. Morse, 1904 L street northwest.
George Murray, 201 D street southwest.
Napper's Pharmacy, 1846 Seventh street northwest.
Marke Pharmacy, 1000 20th street northwest.
L. M. Singleton's Pharmacy, 20th and E streets northwest.

JOBBERS.

American Barber Supply Company, 1009 E street northwest.
Tony B. Dason, Shoe Findings, 1918 Seventh street northwest.
George Goldberg, 163 Pennsylvania avenue.
M. Garfinkle, 1117 Seventh street northwest.
J. Scheinerman & Son, 1230 12th street southeast.

GENERAL DEALERS.

T. J. Watts, 221 Pennsylvania avenue.
M. A. Harris, 810 Florida avenue northwest.
J. Fairfax, 1906 Pennsylvania avenue northwest.
J. H. Maxwell, Terminal R. R. Yards, Pullman Porter's Rooms.
A. A. Viennas, 1115 Pennsylvania avenue.
J. J. Wilson, 635 G street northwest.
All Towl Supply Companies use Howard's Polish in their outfits.
All Barracks and Forts around Washington use Howard's Polish.
Holtman's Shoe Store, Pennsylvania avenue.
Arthur Martin, 105 Eighth street northwest.
National Shoe Manufacturing and Repair Company, 442 Ninth street.
W. A. Taylor, 1202 New York avenue.
Robert Harris, 906 11th street northwest.

A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

HIS BATTLE WITH MAYNARD.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperado's Head Hung at the Bowsprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd, if indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foremast hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to a life of piracy, the explanation of his being "a little distracted" being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They deposed him and elected Thatch in his place. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Bathtown, N. C., with the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty hogsheads of sugar as his share. Tobias Knight, his secretary, took twenty, and the remainder fell to Thatch and his crew. Thatch lingered there for some months, plundering and insulting the merchants of the place. These, understanding at length the futility of expecting redress from Eden, applied to the governor of Virginia to rid them of the pest.

The governor, after consultation with the captains of the Pearl and Lime, then lying in the James river, agreed to provide two sloops, the warships to furnish a complement of men. Lieutenant Maynard of the Pearl was placed in command, and the punitive expedition sailed on Nov. 17, 1718. On the 21st the pirates were sighted in an inlet about sixty miles from Bathtown, and Maynard anchored for the night.

On the following morning Thatch, maneuvering to elude attack, ran his vessel aground, but Maynard's sloop, drawing more water, though she had no guns on board, failed to get to close quarters. The lieutenant, however, threw out his ballast and in answer to a truculent defiance from Thatch promised to be "soon aboard him with his sloop." Coming at last within close range, a broadside from the pirate killed or wounded twenty of Maynard's crew and nine on board his consort.

Maynard now ran alongside the pirate, when, under cover of a discharge of grenades, Thatch and fourteen followers boarded the king's ship. Maynard and Thatch, pistol and sword in hand, engaged in a desperate personal encounter. The lieutenant's sword broke, and more than once he narrowly escaped a fatal injury. But at last Thatch, having received sixteen wounds, fell dead in the act of cocking a pistol. His followers jumped overboard and cried for quarter. Maynard hung Thatch's head at the bowsprit end, sailed for Bathtown, where he seized the governor's storehouse, and then, still with his grisly sign of triumph swinging in the wind, rejoined his ship in Virginia, where thirteen of the captured pirates were hanged.

One of the Blackbeard's crew who obtained pardon was Israel Hands, who makes his appearance in "Treasure Island." Shortly before Thatch met his death Hands had been lamed for life by a pistol shot in the knee fired by Thatch from under the cabin table, at which he, with Hands and others, was carousing, just to remind his crew in general "who he was." Such an act was only one of the many eccentric brutalities of Thatch's career.

When he felt himself in the vein or was going into action his appearance was somewhat startling—his bushy black beard tied up with ribbons, the ends of which were thrown over his ears; a fur cap on his head, with a lighted match on either side, and three brace of pistols slung across his shoulder. Of the usual condition of himself and his crew much may be gathered from the fact that "our company somewhat sober" was a circumstance deemed worthy of note in the diary found after his death.—London Globe.

Not Yet.

"Do you desire a room with a bath?" asked the affable clerk.

"Gee whiz, no!" replied the gentleman with the canvas telescope. "This is only Tuesday, ain't it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD CADIZ.

It Was Once Richer Than London, but Now Its Chief Business Is Only the Exportation of Salt.

Of Cadiz, De Amicis said, "It is best described by writing the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper."

Under the noonday sun, seen from the lofty Torre de Vigia, the mediaeval watchtower in the center of the city, its buildings are dazzling and almost encircled by the blue sea. A long, narrow isthmus like the stem of a pipe leads from San Fernando, on the mainland. Cadiz rests on the bowl of the pipe—yes, a pure white meerschaum without coloring, though 3,000 years old.

Americans may justly regard this now decadent place with compassion, because it grew to greatness by its commerce with the new world—while Spain ruled the Americas—and then fell away into decay on the loss of the western possessions.

It was great before Rome was founded. And as late as 1770 it was wealthier than London. Commerce has ever been its life. Today its chief business is the production of salt for export. This humble staple, evaporated in countless shallow lagoons in wide spreading marshes, still keeps Cadiz in touch with the new world, as most of the salt is shipped to South America.

The natives pronounce Cadiz with "z" silent and "a" very broad—"Ca-di." That has always been its name, with slight variations. Its Phoenician and Tyrian founders called it Gadir, a castle of fastness. The Romans called it Gades. The Arabs had it Kadis.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HER GREETING.

In Spite of the Old Lady's Care She Managed to Blunder.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindliness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas and as she went downstairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't"—

"No, Clara," replied the mother emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"—Harper's Weekly.

His Little Joke.

It was just two years after their wedding.

"George," she said romantically as she gazed at the fantastic pictures the red coals formed, "do you remember our courting days?"

George laughed teasingly.

"No, my dear. I do not."

She looked up with a hurt expression.

"George, do you mean to sit there and say you do not remember our courting days? Why, I am shocked at your coldness."

"No, dear; I do not remember our courting days because only night watchmen have to do their courting in the daytime. But I do remember our courting nights, and they were delightful, pet."

But she said he was too horrid for anything.—Chicago News.

Delaware's Circular Boundary.

The northern boundary line of Delaware is circular because the charter given to Penn states that Pennsylvania was to be "bounded on the east by the Delaware river from twelve miles distant north of Newcastle town until the three and fortieth degree of north latitude" and that the southern boundary was to be "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from the town of Newcastle northward and westward until the fortieth degree of north latitude and then by a straight line westward." This makes a circular boundary for northern Delaware unavoidable, and the facts above set forth explain a geographical curiosity that has puzzled many students.

Domestic Economy.

"Nora, was that the coal man I saw making love to you yesterday evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I 'ope, ma'am"—

"Does he love you very much, Nora?"

"'E says 'e does, ma'am."

"Devotedly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you tell him that unless he gives us better weight than he has been doing we shall get our coal elsewhere."—London Illustrated Bits.

Within Her Means.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent bag."

"How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's.

GIFT OF LANGUAGE.

The Man Who Is an Able Conversationalist Has the Advantage Over All Others.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a good singer, a fine artist, you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy, you may have a very beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about, but if you are a good converser every one you meet recognizes and appreciates your art. Everybody you converse with feels the influence of your skill and charm.

In other words, there is no accomplishment, no attainment, which you can use so constantly and effectively which will give so much pleasure to your friends as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

PAPER AND CANVAS.

An Anecdote of Turner, the Great Landscape Painter.

In a book entitled "Stories of the English Artists" R. Davies and C. Hunt tell an interesting anecdote of Turner, the great landscape painter. He disliked to part with his pictures and when he sold one invariably wore a look of dejection and oppression. If a friend asked him what was the matter he would sorrowfully explain, "I've lost one of my children this week."

Once a rich Birmingham manufacturer, Gillott by name, introduced himself to the painter and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell" or some such laconic rebuff was the answer.

The manufacturer then drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes, about £5,000 worth.

"Mere paper," observed Turner, with grim humor, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," replied the persistent Gillott, waving his hand at the "Building of Carthage" and its companions.

This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect, and finally Gillott departed with some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures.

A Strenuous Wooer.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an account of his courtship. He was a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he made application at once to her father for permission to pay his addresses. Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead he wrote giving permission to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. With the swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs he carried the situation by storm. Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse, ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna, taking no heed of her scandalized parents and catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was necessarily an accepted fact.

Satisfied Each Side.

Nearer seven feet tall than six was the father of the present earl of Enniskillen. He was a magistrate and a mighty fox hunter. He used to come to the "justice room" ready dressed for hunting quite early in the morning, in order to hear cases before he started off to the meet. His practice was to hear the plaintiff and then horsewhip the defendant, abusing him for behaving in such a blackguardly manner. Then he heard the defendant and afterward horsewhipped the plaintiff. It is said that both parties left the court perfectly satisfied, each saying that the other had been horsewhipped by his honor.—London Graphic.

How He Knew.

"My wife took me to the orchestra concert last night, and I think they played Wagner."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, a big bunch of plaster fell from the ceiling into the middle aisle during the concert, and a man who was sleeping near me woke up and said 'Wagner!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got It Free.

A good old preacher who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this—you were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it!"

Would Seem Not.

"In these stories of the middle ages we always read about the hero's good right arm."

"Well?"

"Was there never a southpaw knight?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The right word is always a power and communicates its definiteness to our action.—Eliot.

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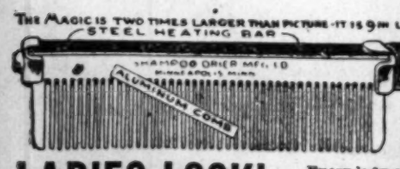

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Gentlemen's 14-k Solid Gold American stem winders and setters, as cheap as $25. Children's Solid Silver Watches, pin attachment, $3.50; regular price, $4.50. Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, open face, $8.00. Boys' Solid Silver Watches, $5.00 up.

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JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality Is to Smoke It—Smelling It Is Useless.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, bad if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win [illegible] of Austerlitz, it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Strafford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

No Drums In the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know to my cost that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

ANSWERED THE LETTER.

A Politician Won a Bet That American Statesmen Reply to Courteous Letters From the Humblest Citizens.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 13, 1898.

Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 3 must be received before Jan. 25. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

CORRECT SPELLING.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugenie in 1868 at Compiegne to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus under the pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made until it was conveyed to her that she herself from the same dictation was responsible for no less than ninety. The emperor, again, made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focusing the difficulties not only of spelling, but grammar.—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mlle. Montansier, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!" The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, thence in due course becoming manager of the fetes at Versailles. Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained 8,000,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barras said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her creditors to the king of France.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty-rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Lenbach, Von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlando di Lasso and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schauffler in Century.

The Desire For Appearance.

The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the bar'l? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What makes you comb that long scalp lock over your bald spot?—Puck.

Paid.

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

ROYAL MAIDS.

It Is They Who Must Always Do the Proposing When They Wish to Marry.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

The late Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said, "All this may be yours." The queen of Holland on a like occasion simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he had picked for her at various times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.—London Answers.

ADENOIDS.

The Way These Growths Endanger the Health of Children.

Adenoids are curious little cauliflower-like growths which appear at the junction of the nasal cavity and the pharynx. They are often observed at birth, but they seldom cause discomfort until some months later. Then they interfere with respiration and cause the baby to be restless. It tosses in its sleep and wakens suddenly, crying out as if in distress.

If adenoids are permitted to remain they deform the mouth, teeth, throat, chest and face. At their worst they produce pop eyes and what is called a frog face. They cause mouth breathing, with all its attendant evils. They open the way for a hundred and one ills, from rupture of the eardrum, running from the ears, coughs and tonsilitis to pulmonary tuberculosis.

A slight operation suffices to remove them. The baby suffers little pain and loses little blood. Out they come, and with them the overgrown tonsils that commonly accompany them. If they are suffered to remain they may never be discovered. But it is certain that in one way or another, directly or indirectly, they will cause damage.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshbergin in Delineator.

Yarmouth's Narrow Street.

Kitty Witches row, Great Yarmouth, can justly claim to be the narrowest street in the world, the entrance at one end being only twenty-nine inches and at the other fifty-six inches. It gives some idea of the width when one mentions that neighbors can shake hands and put out each other's candles across the street! Why these rows have been so constructed has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some writers give the reason that when there was a very high tide the water might flow through them; others, in the event of an invasion they would prove an excellent means of defense or that the ground plans of the rows were suggested by the fishermen's nets, which, spread on the dunes to dry, had a narrow pathway left between them, which represented the rows. Yarmouth has 145 rows, and their total length exceeds seven miles, Kitty Witches being the most interesting and the narrowest of all.

How Faraday Refused a Pension.

Lord Melbourne once announced to Faraday that it was his pleasing duty to offer him a pension, but, he added, "I suppose all this science is humbug." Faraday at once replied, "If that is your opinion, my lord, I decline the pension," and retired. Melbourne, on meeting some of his colleagues, said: "I have had a strange thing happen. A man has declined a pension." But these gentlemen knew Faraday's position and reputation better than the premier and urged him to rectify the blunder. Faraday was again interviewed, but Melbourne was obliged to retract and apologize before the pension was accepted.

London Snowstorms.

The purifying effect of a snowstorm on city air was shown in London by experiments which demonstrated five times the amount of impurities on week days, when all the factories are active, as on Sundays. It was figured out that nevertheless a single Sunday snowstorm carried to the surface of the county of London 75 tons of dissolved solids, 142 tons of suspended matters, 100 tons of coal, 25 tons of salt and a ton of ammonia.—London Chronicle.

A Sudden Start.

"You used to go to school with Coppers, the new millionaire, didn't you?"

"I did. Fact is, I gave him his first start in life."

"How?"

"With a bent pin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On His Birthday.

He—The worst thing about me is my nose. I've got such a beastly one. She—You shouldn't say such things about a gift. He—A gift? I—ah—don't understand. She—Wasn't it a birthday present?—New York Journal.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

John H. Myers, Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, holding Probate Court. No. 17388, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters of Administration on the estate of George W. Edwards, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23d day of December, A. D. 1911; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23d day of December, 1910.

(Seal) JAMES H. DABNEY,
1132 Third St. N. W.

Attest: JAMES TANNER, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. JOHN H. MYERS, Attorney.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, holding Probate Court. No. 17626, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber, of the State of Virginia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters of Administration on the estate of Lucy Strothers, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of January, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 4th day of January, 1911. NASH WRIGHT, Shenandoah, Va. Attest (Seal): JAMES TANNER, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. THOMAS WALKER, Attorney.

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Furnished rooms for gentlemen; steam heat, bath and gas; convenient to cars; top floor. Apply No. 50 O street northwest, between 1st and N. Capitol.

For Rent.

Bright, cheerful rooms, with conveniences; moderate rent; good neighborhood. 1520 Corcoran St. N. W.

Wanted.

The Tuskegee Institute wishes to secure the services of a man competent to make cuts for newspaper and book work. Any one desiring to take up correspondence about this will please address Principal Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Mrs. Brooks.

Mrs. Lulu Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Thomas and sister of John, Noble and Arthur Thomas, was buried from her late residence, 1310 W street, Tuesday, January 10. Mrs. Brooks' illness was of quite long duration, and her death was not unexpected by her relatives and many friends. She was buried at Sligo, Md., alongside of her late husband, Levi Brooks.

The Passing Show

Was the subject of an address before the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night. One of the largest crowds that ever assembled greeted the speaker. Some very excitable speeches were delivered after the reading of the paper. Mr. Manus, after the exercises, attended a dinner given in his honor, and the honor of Recorder Lincoln Johnson and Mr. H. P. Slaughter.

An Opportunity.

I can start any honest, energetic boy or girl in a pleasant and profitable business if they are willing to do a little work after school hours. For information write Mr. A. R. Stewart,

We make a reality of her dream of a home

Home comfort is the fondest hope of every woman. As a girl she may dream of elegance and luxury, but a few years of married life will teach her that just plain home comfort and attractive home surroundings will work wonders in bringing harmony and happiness into every-day life.

Wealth is not a requisite to this end, nor even any considerable amount of ready money.

We make home comfort possible for people of very moderate means.

Just come into our great home-furnishing store and let us show you how economically all that is necessary can be bought from us. Let us explain our method of selling to prove that you can best afford to buy according to principles that we have spent years in perfecting.

We want to give you home comfort. We want to give you every bit of value that your money can possibly buy. We want to arrange an account so that you can have all the goods desired at once. And we will arrange to make that account payable at such intervals and in such amounts as will suit your circumstances.

Don't get the idea that you are paying an extra price for the help we give. Your own eyes will give you proof that the prices which you find marked in plain figures on every article are no higher than those of cash stores.

Our prices are not fixed according to our estimate of the customer. You needn't ask a price here—read it for yourself on the tag—make your selections without a word about when or how you wish to pay. When your buying is completed we'll arrange the account to your satisfaction.

You may also feel absolutely certain that whatever we sell to you will give satisfactory service, for our personal guarantee means that everything must be right after you have given the test of actual use.

To those who are not interested in the home-furnishing proposition we want to suggest that our stock contains hundreds of the most acceptable Christmas remembrances. Many of your gifts may come from here, and by using an open account you will have no call for an immediate outlay of cash.

The house of plainly marked prices

Peter Grogan
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MAKES THE HAIR GROW

BUY NOW.

HAIR-VIM is an ideal and elegant hair dressing. Especially prepared for persons who appreciate the ideal and elegant appearance of their hair. It makes the hair soft, silky and glossy, and greatly promotes its luxuriant growth. It cures dandruff, stops falling hair, and prevents baldness by completely destroying the dandruff germ. 25cts the box; the bottle, by mail, 30 cts.

HAIR-VIM SOAP is cleansing in its effect and beautifying in its results. Especially adapted for shampooing the hair, and fills every requirement for use in the toilet, bath and nursery. 25cts the cake.

BEAU-TE-VIM CREAM—Is a restorer, preserver, beautifier and bleach for the skin. Lubricating the surface, giving it life and adding brilliancy to the complexion. 25cts the box.

OWL CORN SALVE—A panacea for all foot evils. One box convinces the most skeptical. Try it. 10 cts. a box.

All preparations on sale at all first-class drug stores. If your druggist hasn't this, drop us a card.

Active agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commission paid.

Braids, puffs and transformations made to order. All grades of hair perfectly matched.

Free advice given for your hair needs.

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Mrs. J. P. H. Coleman, Phar. D., president and manager, 643 Florida avenue northwest, Washington, D. C., Phone N. 3259-M.

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Practical and useful things, as well as the ornate and beautiful, abound in every department.

Early selection, giving you time for deliberation and careful choosing, will be greatly to your advantage; and we will lay aside, and deliver later, any article in our store on payment of a deposit.

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7th and I Streets, N. W. Complete Housefurnishers

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If there are any teachers who have a little spare time after school hours and would like to use it profitably they should write Mr. A. R. Stewart, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

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